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'REVENGE'—JIM HARRISON'S LATEST SHORT NOVEL

May 8, 1979

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JOHN PAUL II



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Backstage with Esquire

Rewards of Revenge



Jon Harrison

When Harrison was visiting Basil Mills, Esquire's fiction editor, in Seaside, Florida, to prepare a magazine version of *Arise*, he showed a copy to Bill's son, John D. MacDonald, author of the Travis McGee mystery series and other novels. Harrison has long admired MacDonald's work and was eager to meet him and to get his opinion. Later, MacDonald wrote Harrison that *Arise* "handles the subject of violence so well as anything I've ever read." He is right. *Revenge* is

rewardable because Harrison understands that the anger and experience of violence is in personal consciousness.

Harrison is a superb storyteller and a writer of serious consequence. After three novels, *Wick*, *A Good Day in the Sun*, and the haunting *Parasite*, and four volumes of poetry, he is ready for a larger audience. And, it seems, the larger audience is ready for Jon Harrison. Esquire published his novels of adventure, *Legends of the Fall*, in the first issue of this year, and the review, in *Parasite*, means more time for following him, and building a new library. The *Arise* (a present to himself) Harrison, the condemnation and war, is also a severe work. "Cooking keeps me out of the bars," says the master storyteller. "That is able, surprised and delighted with himself." "Hay, that is a great quest!" is

studied Harrison during one of the last years, considering the last life for himself. Harrison, who is fifty-one, makes his home with his family in northern Michigan. He has just finished a draft of the screenplay of *Revenge* and headed for Key West, a place where he used to collaborate with the likes of Tom McGuane.

"If you just hang in there and write well, eventually there will be a payday," he says after a day on a lined sheet. But he is afforded about his success. Success, in Jon Harrison, means more time for following him, and building a new library. The *Arise* (a present to himself) Harrison, the condemnation and war, is also a severe work. "Cooking keeps me out of the bars," says the master storyteller. "That is able, surprised and delighted with himself." "Hay, that is a great quest!" is

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Letters

The Sound and the Fury

Judging a Jury

Steve Brill's recent article ("The Law," *Esquire* July 1983) about federal judge J. Lee Cooper drew wholesale disservice to a distinguished group of accompanying interpreters. We have served as secretary to the judge since 1963 and as his law clerk at present and at various times since 1963.

As law clerk, we were thrust into Judge Cooper's courtroom and exposed to his oral, adversary proceedings. He was a demanding "boss" but never more demanding of us than of himself. The judge worked with us to evolve mature judgment and a high sensitivity to moral and legal principles, and our efforts to meet his high standards were met with praise.

There are countless examples of the acknowledged recognition of Judge Cooper's real accomplishments: the jurors who sought to meet with him after rendering verdicts, former criminal defendants he spoke as plainly as sentencing and later helped to become lawyers or find a job, lawyers fresh from losing a matter before him who

expressed, without being obsequious, their appreciation for his sense of fairness and his enthusiasm for justice. This pursuit, thoughtful that he cared enough to measure himself in demanding and delicate positions to settle on the eve of or during trial, complicated oral cases that otherwise would have been long and costly battles.

Then, we perceive a wholly different judge from the one portrayed in Mr. Brill's one-sided article. Indeed, Mr. Brill seems content to quote unnamed recent disgruntled clerks (who "murmured") He recalls the twenty-year-old allegations before the Senate Judiciary Committee that confirmed the judge's appointment on a record that contained overwhelming evidence of the judge's fitness. Almost exactly in any effort to present a correct or balanced view of Judge Cooper, of his professional accomplishments and recognition during his almost twenty years of federal judicial service, or of the views of those who held the judge's performance in high regard.

In the interests of accuracy and fairness, we respectfully request that our letter be

published in your next edition.

Margaret T. Clark
Secretary
Kenneth G. Buchanan Jr., Jeffrey B. Harris,
Harvey Blum, Todd Blecher, Edward
Cowan, Robert Keller Dumas, Norman
Friedman, N. Lewis Gerber, Steven H.
Harris, Robert J. Hargrave, Neil J. Hargrave,
Robert E. Jacobs, Howard Keogh, Keith
and Lind Steven Marshall, Jay Melzer,
John Roberts, Elliot G. Sager, Stanley
Schwar, Arthur H. Sobel, David E. Wolff,
and Roger Zeman

Clark and former clerks
New York, N.Y.

Steve Brill replies: The lawyers, judges, and former clerks with whom I spoke in preparing this article, some of whom are now the supervisors of the lawyer, did not differ in any way—which I noted by

Address letters to the editor in *The Sound and the Fury*, Esquire, February 1984. All letters are subject to editing for length and clarity.

Why Reagan Won't Make It

His age, his staff, his inaccessibility, and his laziness are the least of it

Reagan was home last month. Politely, at least. He spoke to the California Republican Assembly (CRA), the clique of conservatives that has been his base for fifteen years. Even the reporters at his press conference before the CRA speech were not even advanced. Richard Berg, of the *Los Angeles Times*, interrupted Reagan's response to his question about the Middle East peace treaty to say, "Further one of us knows what we're talking about, do we?" Reagan laughed and said, "Right."

The former governor of California had not the slightest intention of saying anything newsworthy, and everyone in the room knew it. Finally, he passed his own jacket, saying, "I've got a pack of the same cards you've all seen, and I'm going to stick with them."

He did "I know I have used this before," he told the crowd of women who still wear white gloves and men who still use Biclighters, "but I repeat: We are not a narrow band of ideologues."

We are the party of the people—the people of Miss Stern and the farm—the people who make the system work. Let us begin our work over again.

The crowd dutifully rose and cheered, following Nancy Reagan's lead as the world's red cap and in the air and cheer. "Yee! Oee!" It had all been practiced so many times before. The difference I could not see was the color of the candidate's hair. Reagan's golden glory is no longer orange-blonde; now it varies from chestnut-black to leaden gray.

Martin Smith, of the *Sacramento Bee*, who is one of the best political reporters in the country and has been moderated in a professional lifetime of Reagan watching,

Richard Reeves is the national editor of *Kipling* magazine.



saw much more. "Reagan simply didn't speak as well as he has in the past," Smith wrote a week later. "Reagan was only using words the other night, when his timing was off, and he stumbled at some important places. He wasn't bad, you understand, just not up to the top form he had consistently displayed in prior campaigns. It was not an isolated performance, either. Others have also observed the absence of some of the old Reagan magic on the platform in recent months."

This was the Republican front-runner for President a year and a half before the 1980 election. Front-runners are made by the press talking to itself and a few noisy charmers—and my guess is that we and they are deluding ourselves because Reagan has outlived and outlasted his old rivals and it's hard to imagine any of his rivals as President. Would you buy a used

car from John Connally? And who are George Bush, Howard Baker, Robert Dole, and Philip Crane? To say nothing of Buckley, which most Republicans won't.

Reagan, the unbeatable, looks like a myth to me. People have said this before, particularly in 1976, and made fools of themselves. But in 1976, Reagan had an issue, the same one that occupied Jimmy Carter and the White House. The issue was Washington. New everyone has that same and first conservatism, too. Reagan seems to be a Ronald figure whose time has passed; he looks like the past he talks about the past. It is hard to imagine America turning to a candidate whose standard pitch is "I told you so."

Reagan, in my least, does not project forward. Judging by his speeches so far this year, which are about the same as his speeches the first time he ran for President in 1966, Reagan's vision of America

is hindsight filmed in Technicolor. And that is a public, in private, I based from his speeches (but confirmed with a couple of friends), he is so much, using examples like student nurses and the war on poverty as if they were the issues of the day.

His narrow-water vision of America is Reagan's great flaw in 1980. He seems to have calcified since 1976, when he did have a lot to say. But that is not the only one of his problems. Others are age, a divided, diverse staff, laziness, and the near-sure consciousness of front running.

"We'll watch the race to competency and experience," says Lynn Nofziger, Reagan's jock-aide, who's asked about his candidate's age. He says the age thing is just as the press—the, but the public may notice when every story says a line like "Reagan, who will be seventy."

Every Republican I've talked with re-

cently has talked about little but Reagan's age—sometimes, there isn't much else to say about the man. One Republican, Philip Crane, the Illinois congressman who used to be a Reagan loyalist, has based his entire presidential campaign on his former hero's age. Crane claims that, but what's a reporter to believe after Crane tells him that Reagan is one of history's greatest American and is right on every issue but I'm still running against him? Less diplomatic, the members of the California Republican Assembly who nominated him were for Crane and they had one reason: "Reagan's our guy, but he's too old to win."

Actually, some of those CRA types had another reason. They hate Nofziger's profile: "Just the same old back," Nofziger said—and an irritable clasp that he kept devoted enemies away from them was for decades Reagan is one of the least accessible men in American politics and a lot of conservatives have decided to cut crying and to get on board with someone who might be the next leader of the right wing.

Besides that, the staff has its own problems at the moment. Old power struggles have been removed, and Republican professionals working for other candidates aware themselves by accounting tales of what Nofziger, John Sears, Peter Blumstein, Charles Hink, and the rest are saying about one another or "the boss"—Nancy Reagan, the candidate's wife.

A staff, of course, reflects a candidate,

Reagan has calcified since 1976. Now his vision of America is hindsight filmed in Technicolor.

and I can only assume that Reagan then to keep his lieutenant on track. That way they don't get that close to him, either. He doesn't particularly like politicians—or politics for that matter. He's lazy and he does as little campaigning as possible. At the moment, he has only five political appearances scheduled for next month and doesn't intend to announce his candidacy until early fall because the furthest and equidistant position would force him to give up his lucrative radio commitments (180 national and newspaper columns (720 pages)). The announcement date could be advanced if the stress trouble.

The front-runner's preferred post, in fact, is mounted on the photograph of Reagan in his sweater and a cowboy hat on Nofziger's wall. "Lyn—Why can't I look like this more often?" One reason is that he consistently has to go out and run campaign money. Without any public effort, he collected \$457,000 in March. That face-raising capacity—and

his highly recognizable name—is one of the reasons he's the front-runner. But that has its problems too. Everybody (meaning opponents and political reporters) will be gunning for him. If Reagan comes to third in three out of the first five or six primaries, his candidacy will not survive.

Those sharp sold up on things work as the devastating note Lynn Nofziger got the other day from California state senator H. L. Richardson, an old Reagan ally who used to be now considered highly needed in presidential politics: "Just because I personally like a human being doesn't mean I buy his organization, nor his product or think it's going to succeed."

Too many smart Republicans think it's not going to succeed. "I'm telling you," said Eddie Malle, the party professional who's running Connally's campaign, "no matter how far ahead Reagan starts, he won't make it to the stretch period."

Despite his obvious self-serving, I have a very warm spot for Malle's words. In June 1975, he told me, "I'm telling you, I know it sounds crazy, but all the hearing about to the other party is Jimmy Carter."

Maybe it's the same thing that's happening, this time on the Republican side, a free-for-all with the eventual winner being someone nobody who starts far behind will manage to catch ahead of Reagan in three out of the first five 1980 primaries. A Baker—or even a crossbreed named We haven't thought much about yet. —



In step from Maine to California at The Great American Show Store.

Kinney

That Bullheaded Market

Big guns hold firm against the worst kind of news—but for how long?



Neil Fitzgibbon: Short cheap P/E's



Vandenberg: Buying the laggards



Westergaard: Short is beautiful

Company	Recent P/E	P/E Ratio
Aluminum (H.F.) & Co	22	4.2
Colson-Pass Group	23.6	4.3
Dixie Air Lines	47.6	5.2
Baton Corp.	36.6	4.9
Bloodgood Finance	18	4.9
Barnes Inc.	37.6	5.4
Lansbury Transport	15.6	5.1
Owens-Corning	19.6	5.4
Pharmacia	20.4	5.7
Palm Beach	17.6	6.2
Philo National Corp.	20.6	6.6
Ponderosa System	19.6	5.3
South Transfer	16.6	5.9
U.S. Shoe	2.2	4.6
Western Bancorp.	20.4	5

Price-earnings ratios are based on Neil's estimated 1979 profits.

Company	Recent P/E	P/E Ratio
Armstrong Home Prod.	26.6	11
Avco Corp.	19.6	5.3
Barrington Corp.	72	9.9
Carter Hawley Hale	16.6	7.2
Coca-Cola Co.	41.6	12.7
Colgate-Palmolive	16.6	7.3
Greengrass (N.W.)	12.6	10.1
Johnson & Johnson	69.6	11.9
Miles Mining and Manufacturing	99.6	11.3
Nichols (A.C.)	34	10.1
Piney (U.C.)	22.6	6.2
Sigro Corp.	11.6	6.7
Stearns-Randall	24.6	8.3
Texas Utilities	19	7
Whitford Corp.	11.6	7.3

Price-earnings ratios are based on Vandenberg's estimated 1979 profits.

Company	Recent P/E	P/E Ratio
Amesbury Family Corp.	12.6	3.6
Avco Corp.	32	9.7
Campenich Corp.	47.6	13.1
Carnegie Co.	20.6	5.5
Danisco Corp.	11.6	12.1
Dynco	2.16	7.9
First Safety Ind.	11	14.4
I.M.S. Ind.	25	10.3
Galvaco Haines	11	4.5
Imcochem Products	15	12.9
Parker Drilling	26.6	1.1
Pittman Inc.	11.6	12.9
Serve-Mo Industries	19.6	7.3
Servotronics Elec.	21	14
Volcanic Shale	36.6	9.9

Price-earnings ratios are based on Westergaard's estimated 1979 profits.

In April 5, the stock market was fed a bottom-screen dose of sobering news.

□ Newly released first-quarter figures showed producer prices up sharply to over 14 percent on an annual basis.

□ Labor negotiating problems (once resolved) between the truckers and powers

might have turned sour.

□ Another round of rising energy prices (leading to even higher rates of inflation) seemed inevitable.

A hot rumor was also making the rounds that spring dry weather, under attack, was on the verge of urging the Federal Reserve to tighten credit—an action that, if taken, could speed up a recession and push near-record interest rates even higher. Clearly a frightening thought.

So when did the market go on April 7? Not the usual day you might think. It ran nearly eight points (as measured by the Dow Jones Industrials) to its highest level in almost six months. The unannounced earnings (reported late and more again throughout '79) This stock market simply doesn't want to go down. And when it does, it goes down grudgingly. The bad news, it seems, at least for now, has been anticipated and discounted. These big

guns—the institutional herds—are willing to look beyond it.

In effect, these folks who run the institutional billions are making a bet—namely that the next several months will witness a slowing economy (mainly in the consumer and business sectors) and a pecking of inventory accumulation at the manufacturer level. And this, in turn, so the scenario goes, should trigger a reduction in interest rates. Apparently, a growing number of foreign investors are also buying the same. And this ray expectation—plus the dealer's continued buoyancy—is prompting them to become more aggressive in U.S. equity purchases.

Market bulls are also betting on a number of other reasons for their optimism. They point to gaps of overvalued stock now on the sidelines (an estimated \$55-\$75 billion in pension funds alone), lots of undervalued stocks (it's noted, for example, that the DRI is selling at only about eight years' interest—7% earnings), and steadily rising corporate purchases of their own shares. In addition, the buy-out craze—the merger and acquisition trend—is continuing strong. (Latest example: Borden's bid for Woodward.) And dividend payouts to shareholders have never been greater. Still another reason for optimism is the presence of a Business Week reporter who told a money manager I know that the market's so far a big chicken because of worsening inflation. For my money, Business Week is one of the best market indicators—provided, of course, you go the opposite route. So this B.W. comment alone should make anyone bullish.

If you buy Wall Street's bullish argument—and we'll get to the bearish argument soon—how do you play the market? For some thoughts on that very riddle, I asked three smart money-men—each with a markedly different strategy—to select their fifteen favorite stocks for the next six to twelve months. (These selections appear on pages 8.) Each, by the way, is positively positive on equities and has outperformed the market in recent years. Here's a brief rundown on the three men and their thinking.

John Neff, the well-suspected portfolio chief for three Wellington Management funds, with his biggest being the \$675-million Windsor Fund, is strictly a value-oriented player who focuses on low price-to-market multiples. "I take snail on what's out of favor—and who the hell knows when it's going to come back," he says. But Neff, unlike a lot of other serious investors, is willing to wait. He believes in three dividends, even in a down-turning market, have the potential to rise 15 percent by the end of '79. His thesis: "Above-average growth [14.1 percent in earnings], good yields (average is 5.5 percent) and primary prices (average p/e of 4.4)."

Big names, including a sizable number of leading growth stocks, conspicuously dot Wald Vandenberg's list. He's the m-

Are the pros off? Are a heated-up economy, fired-up inflation, and credit crunching by the Fed on the way?

vestment chief for the trust department of the First National Bank of Chicago, the nation's ninth largest bank, and his exposure over 16 billion of pension and previous of assets. Why quality growth stocks? Vandenberg says the quality growth for 1984, in selling at lower prices, are some cases substantially lower p/e's than they were during the '74 market bubble (when the DRI was around 5700). "It could be one of the strongest groups this year is new shares that by a number of top-flight analysts," and I think you're going to get in early, even if you're a bit late early," he says.

Interestingly, energy stocks—one of the market's most popular—are entirely absent from both Neff's and Vandenberg's lists. Because of their recent run-ups, Vandenberg has been a seller of such stocks as Atlantic Richfield, Mobil Oil, Standard Oil of California, and Standard Oil of Indiana. Neff has also chopped his energy holdings (mostly the domestic side) more than 30 percent, in fact, and he's still selling. His reasoning: "They're up a good deal, yet everybody's still falling over themselves buying these stocks—which is dangerous. Atlantic Richfield was great at forty-six, but it's now sixty-five."

An old friend, John Westergaard, who also leads a fund for the money manager's third stock picker. He's been cutting a hot hand the past two and a half years, due largely to the market's greatly renewed interest in emerging growth companies. That isn't generally under consideration here. Westergaard's top ten stocks with 100-odd assets are all in the high-tech area (with one exception) and high-tech returns growth (15 percent or better). Westergaard's 15 best choices, it should be noted, are, on average, up an average 134 percent since he recommended them—something that he's not saying to his buyers. And he strongly believes, observing that the group is still selling only at an average 10.1 times its estimated '79 earnings. And in mid-market growth, they're positively sold on what the p/e of the major market averages. "I'd still be a buyer," says Westergaard, "because we've got a good three to five years to go before these stocks get in the danger area, something they do."

For the most part, all three are questioning the choices of the stock man, but it's worth noting that even the savvy get exemplified in that market break last October, for example, in which the DRI plummeted from its high 600s to the low 800s, it took just a few days of wicks to wipe out half the gains that Westergaard had accumulated since

the beginning of this year.

Now, I don't want to sound like a Gloomy Gus. But what happens if the economy doesn't follow Wall Street's rapid ascent—namely a modest recession or, at the very least, a marked business slowdown? For that to happen, the consumer will have to slow down his buying appreciably. Over the last fifteen months, one economist after another has predicted that the consumer would soon run out of gas because of a mounting debt burden (over \$1.2 trillion) and low savings. But meanwhile, the consumer has lifted every-one out by continuing to spend.

How long can it last? Well, one recent economist told me that a respected Cambridge Reports (of Cambridge, Massachusetts) indicates there may well be no lull. The survey found that consumers, although extremely pessimistic about the country's economic future, apparently are not ready to save, pay later," plus—often—just wait a serious slowdown arrives, with its accompanying rise in unemployment. The survey's conclusion: The consumer is clearly buying in anticipation of higher inflation rates, and there is little evidence to suggest this trend will be reversed.

For the moment, let's say the consumer does indeed continue to spend, as he has in the first quarter, on everything from mobile homes to parking tickets. Further to compound high consumer prices and a combination of the two could well lead to a buildup of inventories at the manufacturer level to offset the prospects of even higher prices down the road. It could produce an overblown economy. And in such a flood—reflected in rising inflation—Bill Miller's Fed would almost certainly intervene by making credit even more costly. "Overkill" would surely be a possibility, and the most recession most people are expecting might not be so modest.

Another thought: If the market truly discounted a recession, even a modest one which would include a contrasting high level of inflation? In a recession, earnings worsen, and the recent measure of Ponderosa (from roughly the 39 range into the 20) followed a similar pattern. And, pointing forth-quarter earnings alone, demonstrating the market's aversion to bid corporate news on the profit front.

Now, I've personally been bullish on the market since late '78, and I've seen the President finally get off his bench and decided to defend the goosebuck, but I've beginning to get a bit uptight. I'm not at all convinced that there will be any immediate break either in inflation or in the high level of interest rates. Without some sharp rise in oil prices, how long this schizophrenic market's major players, the big institutional investors—despite their bundles of ready cash—will continue to maintain their faith.

—Continued on page 10

Full Disclosure, Continued: Stock Cop Goes Hollywood—Makes Good!

How about a new Oscar next year: the annual award for the shrewdest money decision of the year by a corporate executive? My money would go to Ray Vincent Jr., the relatively new, 40-year-old chief executive of Columbia Pictures Industries. Mind you, the man's the richest of executives in the movie business. Prior to taking over the Columbia reins last July, in the wake of a suit involving former Columbia Pictures president David Beggs, Vincent had been with the Securities and Exchange Commission in its corporate-finance division. And before that, he was a practicing attorney. Yet shortly after he joined Columbia he boldly decided to exclude outside investments in a new move. It was a provocative move—clearly contrary to Columbia's policy of spreading the risk by selling off about 25 to 30 percent of all new films. Older Columbia executives, facing his would-be activist co-investors at Columbia's films, pleaded on Vincent to change his mind. He did so, but only briefly, giving investors a very short lock and then almost immediately withdrawing the roughly \$6.5 million film from outside participation.

The film was none other than—yes, guessed it—*The China Syndrome*, one of the hottest movies around. The plot is about an accident at a nuclear plant, and because of a similar and widely publicized real-life happening in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the movie has been riding in at over \$15 million in its first seventeen days of national release. *Entertainment* sources figure the movie could produce rentals to Columbia (think domestic and foreign) of about 100 million and movie profits of around \$25 million. Thus, Vincent's decision—because he owned the asset that was paid to outside investors—could add another \$7.5 million or so to Columbia's profit margin. Not bad for a new move.

At launch the other week, the old-fashioned Vincent told me: "Sometimes investors would push the winners and leave as well as the losers that seem suspect. Well, by God, if they're going to play that game, I'm going to rule it in my own favor." Closing the tale of events at *The China Syndrome*, he was pretty lucky. But Vincent tells me he was convinced from the start that *The China Syndrome* was a good move and would do well, "and so I purposely offered it at a very short lock."

Ever since the management upheaval last July, when former chief Alan Handfield was booted out, there's been ongoing speculation about when Columbia is finally going to get its house in order. Apparently, it's going to go on for a while. Vincent told me the company is presently looking for a controller, a financial independent, and a new public relations head.

"I feel I'm building the beginnings of a team concept," he says. "I'm nowhere near finished, but I feel I'm in a half of a lot better

off than when I came in."

Vincent admits at first it been easy. In frank talk, he tells me, "It's been very difficult for me. I wasn't in the business before. I've had to learn on the job. I'm not a professionally trained manager, and I lack familiarity with management responsibilities. I was asked to lead people who had no reason to trust me, because they didn't know me. I've stumbled my way to a number of wins. And I've been supportive of some people and critical of others when I shouldn't have been. But now, today, I feel I'm on top of things."

Columbia's new boss took a gamble on *The China Syndrome*—and won. But was it just a lucky break?



Ray Vincent: "It's been very difficult."

Does that mean that you're worth the \$250,000 annual salary you're getting? (He was previously paid \$47,500 at the SEC.) "I think I'm giving shareholders a very full day's work," he tells me. "I feel I've built a good relationship with the important and creative people in the company, and I believe people respect me for what I am and what I am not."

One very important asset Vincent has is the backing of longtime friend Herb Allen Jr., the influential head of the rising investment banking firm of Allen & Company. Herb Allen, a Columbia director with a big chunk of stock and the real power behind Columbia, personally got Vincent the job. Allen's influence is so pervasive that even a buddy of his, film producer Ray Stark, can call up the Columbia chief and tell him to be more aggressive.

To Pay Vincent's credit, he admits that Stark's criticism is not without some justification. "He [Stark] tells me I think about things too long, that I'm too slow, but it's hard for me to give up traits that I've built

over a lifetime. A businessman can play hunches, but it's difficult for a lawyer to do." There's been some speculation as to Wall Street that Columbia is poorer in money than its Arista Records division, headed by Clive Davis, may seek to ditch the \$71.5-million business. The money-giving industry companies, profit-chasing pressures from distribution changes, the last two rounds, and the fact books that Columbia will have to expend to make this division even bigger.

Vincent is reluctant to discuss the matter, saying, "I don't want to speculate because I don't know." But then he tells me, "I won't rule out that we'll sell it."

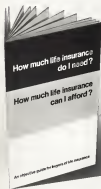
Vincent, I must say, impresses me. He's low-key, non-egotistic, and his order is refreshing. To Wall Street, though, he's still an unknown quantity. And that concern, plus question marks about management stability, is why some investment analysis are leery of Columbia. Not Ray Parman, though, a longtime Columbia follower. Parman, one of the brightest analysts I know and the head of Parman Seligman Darr & Sherry, a small, well-regarded, underfunded brokerage firm, tells me: "You get a sense of order, that when it's contained and that Ray Vincent has made a very solid situation. After he passed in the Street expected chaos, hysteria, a big cloud of people—but it didn't happen, and so one seems to be giving the sky credit for what didn't happen."

A bull on the company today—but not always—Parman points to Columbia's stable assets (namely, its library of films), its improving balance sheet, a powerful lineup of new films, and a new flow of earnings that will be coming on stream in fiscal 1981 from the company's purchase of movie properties for TV syndication (such as *Barney Miller* and *Gunsmoke*). He also believes management stability has been restored at the Columbia studio through the appointment of former MCA TV production chief Frank Price.

For the current June 30 fiscal year, Parman sees Columbia's operating earnings dropping to about \$4.25 a share from \$5.56 in fiscal 1978 (a performance that bested roughly five out of two big films: *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *The Deep*). But, then, Parman sees a real rebound in fiscal 1980 to about \$5 a share. Instant Parman: "The stock is fundamentally cheap on its earnings and assets."

Now, I'm not about to quarrel with the love Parman has for the merits of Columbia that far from any cynicism. Pay Vincent's winning gamble on *The China Syndrome* was strictly a one-shot win. And it strikes me, Parman's enthusiasm notwithstanding, that no stock in cheap when a company's top management team is not yet in place and its number one man has just to prove that he can do the job.

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First Ladies, Fourth Estates, Six-shooters

Trudeau's High-class Fishbowl

I took Margaret Trudeau's book with me on a trip to South Carolina the other day. Actually, it wasn't a beach book; it was a bunch of pages, and part of it got lost on the way back, and neither part of it was greeted with hurricane-tissue tears from Marjorie Bennett's *Purple Patch Blue-B-Q and Drive-In Restaurant*. When I got home and realized that the bottle of sauce had broken and that what was left of the book was stuck together with yellow goo and smudged like an old banana, I was severely pleased. In fact, I have been severely pleased at just about everything awful that has happened in connection with Margaret Trudeau since she gave up being first lady of Canada. I myself have always wanted to be first lady of the land—way land with do. And generally speaking, I feel that if I can't be first lady of the land, why should anyone else?

Margaret Trudeau is not really worth talking about, of course. She is a divorced, publicist young woman who was in no way supposed to be the wife of a prime minister, she married a man who was apparently immune to her sexual health and her immaturity and who, from all the evidence, was at sea as to her in her wrecked attempts to cope. Ultimately, she had a nervous breakdown, which seems to have consisted primarily of wearing inappropriate clothes at state occasions. All of this ought to have made her an object of pity, but unfortunately, Mrs. Trudeau was also the consummate proper: she was just bright enough to work to be famous for something more and just clever enough to hatch her schemes from her husband to some empty feminist rhetoric about the right of being a political wife. Her book, *Beyond Romance* (Farrar/Grauer, \$10.95), is basically a compendium of this rhetoric, a long waltz about life in a fishbowl and quarrels with the media and parties at luncheon and talks with security guards and the like. I am interested in it—though I am not particularly interested in



her—because I'm not sure why women like this believe that they qualify for some sort of exemption.
What is so terrible, after all, about being first lady? It doesn't last forever, and while it does you don't have to have quarters for the wedding machines. You never have to scrape the eggs off the bottom of the frypan pan. You don't have to stand in the rain waiting for cars or stand on line to get two movies you don't want to see because the movies you do want to see are already sold out. You can cut out a few scenes of sessions—abortion, I always thought, and beautiful women—and make a little movie, even make a television. Granted you might have to put in a long waiting period staying home with young children while your husband is off on the campaign trail; it might take years before he is elected to the highest office. But there are many women in this country whose husbands are off on business a great deal of the time, and no one thinks they're entitled to become alcoholics or drug addicts or die of a cancerous misfract of if they end up in the lonely home. In any case, Margaret Trudeau didn't even have to wait, when she married Pierre Trudeau, she was twenty-two, and he was already prime minister.
She inherited two homes, a large staff, a

considerable number of social obligations, and the chance to travel to foreign countries and meet the people who run them. All this is described in *Beyond Romance* as a dreadful burden. The houses were badly decorated, and she had to battle for public affairs—the staff was disorganized, and she had to battle to get rid of them, the social obligations were tedious, and she had to battle to get out of them, the foreign countries provided too much security, and she had to battle to be on her own. Poor Margaret.

Eventually, after her breakdown, Mrs. Trudeau left her husband with their three sons and went off to seek her fortune. Like many other rich young women who are sent to college, she pretended for a time to be a photographer. She followed the Rolling Stones around and closed a deal in Shaloo 54. She attempted to become a movie star. The fact that the press reported her aspirations as if they mattered and as if she were a national being no doubt contributed to her belief in her own importance. Her book has been provided by months of nonsense from her publishers that it would tell all. It is no news that Mrs. Trudeau lived with Fidel Castro, that Pierre Trudeau looked down her dress, and that her husband did not believe in birth control and gave her a black eye after she worked with the Rolling Stones. All this is pretty standard stuff. Apparently as it would tell all, it is no news that Mrs. Trudeau has no more news to tell us about revealing the last self she left out: the after she claims to have had with Senator Ted Kennedy, for example, and her passionate sex with her husband following the black eye. These stories have been even more satisfying to me than the tale of her battle of "barbecue sauce" because they serve to remind us that what Margaret Trudeau really knows about is not what happens to women who marry politicians but rather what happens to women who are too fast. Grouper, being with third-string box players and maybe an occasional lead guitarist, but they have no business with prime ministers. And vice versa, I might add.

by Nora Ephron

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Halberstam's Media Kingdom

In his previous book, *The First and the Last* (in fact, the most and the last), David Halberstam demonstrated two outstanding qualities. The first was a stark ability to tell a long and complex story without any loss of narrative suspense. The second was an equally striking inability to tell the difference between powerful men and their fakes. In his latest book, *The Powers That Be* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$19), Halberstam has no starring story to tell, but his inability to distinguish between kings and courtiers, now polished to perfection, has produced a lively comedy of mistaken identities.

The setting of the comedy is a tiny banana republic that concentrates in small parcels of details, the United States of America. The time is the past fifty years. The main characters are a ruling elite of "mads" known—the "powers that be"—who far outweigh in importance the elected officials of Halberstam's nation. They are as follows: William Paley (Columbia Broadcasting System); Henry Luce and his law, Wesley Donham (Time); the Chandler family (Los Angeles Times); Eugene Meyer, his son-in-law Philip Graham, his daughter-in-law Katharine (Washington Post); and last but not least, steady Salzhenger, whose baronial name is, of course, *The New York Times*.

With respect mingled with awe, Halberstam treats not his bosses for his homage. There is Paley, the publisher, ending one sentence, "the perfect game, the perfect men!" There is Phil Graham, "by the late fifties perhaps the single most important man within the city of Washington," a man "handsome and sleek and when he smiled, at the age of 40, it was like everything stopped. He won the Sun King." There is Gus Chandler, mate of mystery "Who knows Gus Chandler? The elusive man. Who reaches him? Who are his persons?" There was always that air of confidence that came from the fact that he was Arthur Hays Sulzberger, "a very handsome man, even of a very old and aristocratic New York Jewish family." By contrast, there is Henry Luce, "a hellfire, no-nonsense Jewish man" who was not in him to three feet. Food was fast, suffi-

cient. Karp is a political writer whose latest book, *The Politics of War*, will be published in June by Harper & Row.



ing more. Indifference to refinement marks the "democrat" in the republic of Halberstams.

It appears soon enough, however, that nothing in this curious country is quite what Halberstam says it is. We learn, for example, that Eugene Meyer's "place in history was uncertain, indeed he had craved up a home biography just to make sure that his story lived." In the comic world of Halberstam, a man rightly fearful of being forgotten is admired as a humane personage. We learn that Arthur Sulzberger was in afraid of becoming too American that he "urged Franklin Roosevelt not to appoint Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court" and that this "desire for respectability and a place in the society became part of the family tradition and became a man, something larger than the family, evoking the fear of an open and violent." In Halberstam, comedy is a "mad." We learn that Ben Bradlee, Katharine Graham's editor at *The Washington Post*, was never "intelligent," if anything, he seemed even outside her track she liked the fact that he went around saying that she had the guts of a real hanger and she liked the fact that when she was being pompous, he could tell her that only the most powerful woman in the world could say something that arrogant." In Halberstam, a country is named for his independent spirit.

The most important discovery of all, however, is that the "powers that be" in Halberstam have no real power whatso-

by Walter Karp

ever. William Paley, for example, was as fearful of offending President Luce in 1947 as he tried his war reporter, William Shirer, for criticizing Truman's loyalty program. Twenty years later, angry Paley was still trucking to the powerful, because President Nixon counted "loyalty" comments on his selected speeches. "In June 1973, without any real consultation with his News Department, Bill Paley suddenly visited in order to order ending British Analysis," Halberstam says. Luce was as powerful in forming American foreign policy as any Secretary of State, but at *Time* magazine, a Saigon bureau reporter discovered that "almost everything he filed was being leaked down by some very high government official." The White House, in effect, was writing the Vietnam War stories published by Luce. Halberstam calls Philip Graham a "strongman" (the backed Lyndon Johnson for the presidency in 1960), but Graham was no reluctant to offend President Kennedy that he had *The Washington Post* lead the Bay of Pigs fiasco as "one chapter in the long history of freedom"—the "language" is toxic.

And what of the mighty New York Times? "In the late fifties and earlier the Times hired many of the best young reporters in America, serious, intelligent, well educated, but very few of them, whatever their private doubts, openly challenged official versions" of events. If they did, "a major politician," says Halberstam, might call it a "superior" and complain. "The closer you moved to the center of power in Washington or New York, the less you could say" at *The New York Times*, whose Washington bureau chief, says Halberstam, would never say "check" critical stories about the Nixon White House by asking Henry Kissinger if they were true.

Halberstam's "powers that be," in short, are well-boned tools of the powerful, and the wonder of it all is that Halberstam cannot see it. He is a man who can point out in one sentence that Walter Cronkite thought "anti-intellectualism was going against the government" and then conclude a few sentences later that Cronkite was "much 'influenced' in America in any President." The facts and anecdotes contained into Halberstam's long book may well teach the alert reader more than they taught the author.

Hansen's Outlaw Gang

It would be difficult to write a good book about the Dalton brothers—Frank, Bill, Bob, Gus, and Emmett! They were legends, one artists, independent confidants, and their story has the stuff we're after: good, lonely, hardheaded escapes, death, money, true love, the frontier, occasional villainy, dreams of better places, better days. Their story transcends Bluch Country or any

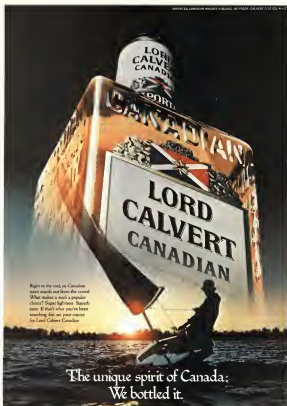
land on the screen, it men has two endings—one tragic, the other triumphant.

Dependence (Alfred A. Knopf, \$8.95) is not bad, in fact, Ron Hansen's first novel is wonderful, one of the great prose entertainments of recent years. If any carry on a best or two too long in its middle parts, but there's no end to my reservations. It's fresh, smart, funny, precisely executed

by Geoffrey Wolff

from the point of view of Kenneth Dalton, now in his mid-sixties. Best of all, Hansen punches through the seams of legend to make clear how the men of the Dalton and their addictions pale with time.

Dependence opens in 1937, postlude of Emmett's stolen marriage on Hollywood. Hansen has told his autobiography, *When the Daltons Rode*, to the movies,



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"and I was made richer by quite a little." The author-and-biographer, publisher, and reviewer, is already rich enough and successful, a successful man, a fortune, a member of *Noble Lodge 35*, which is a true consequence for a descendant of the Old West. "While a girl he doesn't know exists in his memory, as an adolescent, Emmett casts his memory back to the 1850s and 1860s and the dead bodies of Marshal Frank Dalton, Bob, Grant, and Bill and the wild deeds they did. Now Emmett is a man who plays golf with lawyers, much as demanded by people who want to be filmed, "as if they were of robbery were no more than a yam about a blue or some carnival park who chewed gum."

Hansen, using contemporary and historical sources, sets the facts in order but rightly refuses to set them in the way of what is "historically right." His narrative is to use Emmett as the facts' outposts, to have Emmett as effect to produce the fabulous creation of his own autobiography. He uses the sources of his late-story materials to connect details about the scenes of swing taken by the gang led by his brother Bob, but he does not come to the story, his voice is so close to the reader's ear, that you can hear him stretch a yarn or hold back in consideration of his wife, Leta. Hansen is almost to writing with violence but never to sleeping with them. "It was only Bob who ever had his pants down," the narrator claims. "That is not an easy thing to do."

The survival of his voice and character is his test of fancy and common sense. Bob, when he is killed, does not intend, but Emmett was a survivor, for whom more survival wasn't enough. "I miss the past," he admits, and so does anyone with a nostalgic for the past. But Emmett is particularly sensitive to the rush of wide-open possibilities and the sense that as armed men was a consequential man. Retelling the story of the Dalton gang to his memory, Emmett narrates his own survival. If I would confess it, I was. "Once, from fear of bullets, he went under cover and turned to cowering, but he couldn't stand when the damn bullets were at him "as if I were the least challenging example of God's creative imagination... I want to be a dangerous man again."

Emmett was the man among them. Dalton had raised poor as poor could be in Kansas. Two other brothers, Grant and Bob, terrorized the Indian Territories. New Mexico, California, and Colorado, Kansas where they were cut down as a notorious gangster in 1932, together with four other men and two other gang members, after robbing two banks. Emmett too was shot several times that day and almost died. Sentenced to life in a Kansas penitentiary, he was pardoned in 1937, after four-

Guided Wolfy in *Expansive* Fortnightly's book club

teen years of good behavior. Older brother Bill, a woman now brought to Emmett's mind by Johnson as N.C.C. Maxwell *Alone* shows that was a fringe member of the gang, careful of his own side, a glad-hand with political ambitions who nonetheless caught Marshal Law after's 44 other side, in "Marionette into Bill's custody and ended his as a native son in his town and my brother Bill died as a son in the words, scattering grandmothers."



Brother Bob who killed Frank in Emmett's mind, was changed forever by the death of his brother. Bob, leader of the Dalton gang, is the principal subject of Emmett's recollections, a wonder who "remembered whatever he read and he could multiply like a baker and told any word backwards, and one of the schoolhouses had it in his head that he'd attend Cornell Medical School." For a while he was a lawyer, and Emmett was his deputy, but men were like, Emmett was like, his own claims, and pretty soon they moved together to the law's other side.

They were joined by brother Grant. Grant was "bored and laid on a desk with hands the size of telephones and too little imagination to ever be scared of anything." Bob remarked that "the doors slam on churches when he rides past, though as a night in jail." Hansen fulfills Emmett's promise, with Emmett Grant as a source of laughter, riding alone across the desert, a ride in a "Kaiser" machine would take at his savings and flip down to square under sugarbush, until someone crawled over his face to drink water from his eyes as he slept. He lost thirty-two pounds, good cut an aching tooth with his sister back, blasted both back on his down to the bone that he could pour blood when he took off his boots."

Emmett, like Hansen, knows what he means a legend novel, and hyperbole is his most precious asset as well as his signature. A reader comes to *Desperation* for the same reasons: Hansen learned Emmett on the golf course and gamblers staked at the bottom—and stole souvenirs from the pocket

and stopped back from the bar—of the dead Daltons. Even while the Daltons were alive, pilgrims traveled from far to seek them out. "All they want was to see as up close and cheap breakfast on an outlaw. They and we were great from the times, living legends, saints, that we'd already heard the Kansas gang and our names would be centered and will large in the search of history."

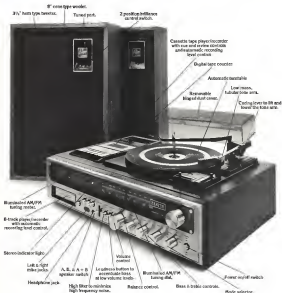
Well, yes, if the Dalton museum in Coffeyville, shelter of commerce banks, and western movies coast as history. That's what drove Bob. "My name's gang as it is all the New York and Chicago and Denver papers," he told his lower. Emmett a gregarious character, a schoolroom friend outlaw who drinks toast to robbery and calls himself "romantic as a hotel." Bob tells Emmett that he wants to have boys who never knew his class to have known him. "Students who never stopped a crime we will make up adventures about me for Boulder's Half-Dime Library."

I don't know whether Hansen is an estimator by his (the completed) *Desperation* on a Walter Sauter fellowship at Stanford or whether he has ever stopped in a cow-gate. But he has elevated the Daltons to a level of history—and art—beyond their own expectations. Not that the book's design is radical. It is simply anecdotal and, excepting the flashback from its first pages, chronological. Emmett's memory is unclouded in the devices of Joyce or Faulkner—no rich a man, and then he had out, and then he robbed another, and then. The most's given his Emmett perfectly, it is simple and vigorous, witty and charming, full of surprises without straining for them. It reaches its lasting heights from a complex moral vision. As the risk of implying a sentimentality Hansen capriciously denies, his *Desperation* ends with a steady through a mist of tears.

He means his brothers, but he remembers, with inaccurate precision, what they did as well as what was done to them. The game in the narrative was not to read, but the game is named. "When he died, 'mama got to him before she neighbors died.' The hole in a shot man's chest "looked like blood worms." Remembering this, how Bob died in his own court, with his eyes rolled back in his skull, with a fly crawling into his open mouth, Emmett remembers as well how easily Bob killed a man, how pure take you "by surprise." He remembers what "sacred things these outlaw became were."

Of course, we come to grief from a tale narrated at "sacred things." As he continues in it, it doesn't seem "concretely real" even to Emmett, "it seems like cap pistols and chicken blood and dead men who'll rise up and deal themselves off and out widens find at the RKO film studio." Just so *Desperation* is only a man of his belief. For the fact that it seems like a good deal more, you may think—and welcome—Karl Hansen.

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SUSPENSION	IND/IND	IND/IND	IND/BEAM	IND/IND	IND/IND
ENGINE	SOHC 6	SOHC 6	SOHC 6	SOHC 4	SOHC 4
HORSEPOWER (BHP)	127	127	103	112	114
FUEL INJECTION	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
PERFORMANCE	180	180	160	160	160
STANDING 1/4 MILE (SEC.)	16.1	16.1	16.1	16.1	16.1
0-60 MPH (SEC.)	10.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	10.0
0-100 MPH (SEC.)	27.0	27.0	27.0	27.0	27.0
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	3/6/79	3/1/74	New	Old	
1. Bendis Corp.	80	21*	\$1,068	\$1.56	\$1.37*
2. Broadway Glass	1604	9*	1,961	1.08	56*
3. Ingers Corp.	17	8%	1,915	44	24
4. Peoples Drug	104	6%	1,514	24	20
5. Porton Fishoms	3%	4%	1,514	—	24
6. Tolley Industries	114	4%	1,740	1.00	80
7. Wrigley	64%	3%	1,091	3.70	3.00
8. Hingham Industries	3%	3%	1,580	—	32
9. La. Gen'l Services	140	7	2,643	89	87
10. Michigan Sugar	6%	3%	1,330	70	41*
11. Richdon Int'l	610	1%	4,313	44	—
12. Syco Corp.	3010	19%	1,584	36	30
			\$22,805		
Dow Jones Average:	845	361			

The professionals showed no gain over the past five years; the dart throwers were up 80 percent (plus dividends)

Even if this is a good time to buy stocks—even if they are cheap relative to other assets (and they are)—most people feel uncomfortable to choose the ones to buy. Either they pay through the nose to have someone else choose or they turn their attention to other, more palatable pursuits. But how lightly tossed must one really be to take the plunge? Not so lightly as you might think.

A monkey throwing darts, it has frequently been said, can do about as well picking stocks as the average Wall Street professional. Or better. Inversely, when I make this claim—most recently as a part of last fall's show—I get one of two reactions. From the Wall Street professionals: "..... you?" From everyone else: "Where's the monkey?"

"The real problem," I say, warning to my shock, "is finding a monkey that can throw darts."

"Where's the monkey?" the audience asks again.

"It is a computer standard," I admit. (Children are particularly disappointed by this.) "But it is true. A monkey is as good as a pro."

But is it true?

I recently had an opportunity to put my monkey where my mouth was, so to speak, using neither manual nor computer (nor computer) but, rather, raw obliging limbs.

Andrew Tobias is a contributing editor of *Entrepreneur*.

from the stable audience of *The Bob Braun Show*, in Cincinnati.

Such experiments are not original with me. The editors of *Kicker*, in a now much-oddsmade test of dart throwing, selected a portfolio twelve years ago that has consistently outperformed the bank trust departments, mutual funds, and popular stock averages. At last report, it was over 80 percent ahead of the Dow Jones.

But it is one thing to read it in *Forbes* and another to confirm it in fact. I will admit to having felt some temptation in the darts began to fly. Perhaps I should have tossed my hypothesis before producing it on 122 talk shows.

My first thought had been to pin up the stock page from an old *Wall Street Journal*. But the *Journal*, it seems, keeps its back issues on microfiche. The gals would have had to be dowsers to find it. Instead, we pinned up that morning's *Cincinnati Enquirer*, March 9, 1979. And from a distance of five feet, in front of an estimated 306,000 witnesses (the show is carried on an other thirteen stations as well as twenty-seven cable systems), they dove. Each dart created a hypersonic 11,000.

One dart sailed over the backdrop, several hit the government-bond and options tables and had to be retrieved. Eventually, we had holes in thirteen New York and American stock exchange cotton stocks. (One I discarded because it had not been listed five years earlier.)

Meanwhile *The Bob Braun Show* portfolio

(best holes available for inspection on request): Bendis, Broadway Glass, Ingers, Peoples Drug, Porton Fishoms, Tolley Industries, and Wrigley fell on the New York Stock Exchange; Hingham Industries, Louisiana General Services, Michigan Sugar, Richdon, and Syco (on the American).

If the darts, I had never heard of eight I went home and pulled out the stock pages from March 1, 1974. On that day, the Dow Jones Industrial Average stood at 860.53. Five reflections-revised years later, as we throw darts, it stood at 844.95—slightly lower. Had you invested \$15,000 at March of 1974 in the stocks that make up the Dow, your investment would have risen slightly to \$13,344 by the time we throw our darts. The same investment in the stocks that make up the Standard & Poor's average would have grown to \$12,420. But if you had invested \$15,000 in each of the twelve stocks that our ladies of *The Bob Braun Show* picked, your money would have grown to \$22,805.

And you'd have earned some \$1,000 in dividends on your investment in time. How would the monkey do so well? Is it possible he will continue to outstep the pros? (The average money manager underperforms the popular averages because—unlike these averages—he rarely is diminished by commissions and fees.)

To begin with, it should be said that if you had bought this same dart-selected portfolio (or just about any stocks) in the



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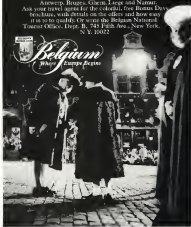
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late Sixties, you would have gotten killed. By any reasonable measures, the market was very high at the late Sixties, much less so in March 1974 or March 1979. It always helps to throw your darts when the market is low.

Low as it was, however, in 1974 progressed, the market went straight down. Had you sold out in despair—to so many did—you would have lost money. But investors do not sell out in despair. Nor do they change their minds. They do not peruse brokerage commissions and incur losses by selling one stock to buy another.

But the real advantage the money had in 1974 was in buying what was known as the two-tier market. Back then, the top five hundred companies were accorded particularly wide prominence over the smaller, unknown or unassuming companies. Big companies tended to be overpriced, most companies were undervalued—but cheap. While money managers concentrated on a few hundred overpriced stocks, darts landed at random among thousands of bargains.

Today, the relative valuations of big and little companies, glamorous and unglamorous ones, seem substantially more rational. So it is unlikely that dart throwers will do better over the next five years than professionals. But neither are they likely to do worse. Indeed, recognizing the difficulty of outperforming the averages, some billion-dollar money managers have turned (in desperation?) to "indexing," which is the practice of trying simply to match the averages by buying all the stocks in the averages (or at least a representative sample). To the extent that money managers thus perpetrate, they are making mockery of themselves. They have given up trying to assess relative values—even though some stocks are better values than others—and just buy a little of everything. But even so that, they will do poorly because they will inevitably stick to the large stocks that make up the averages, even if times when smaller stocks are better buys.

Of course, certain you will consistently beat the averages. I do not believe this is impossible—just very difficult. But how do you find them? If you can spot the winning mutual fund, perhaps you can also spot winning stocks and save the fee.

I do not suggest that anyone seriously consider choosing stocks at random. However, it does seem wise to diversify (as darts won't do) and to ignore, as the darts ignore, whatever is the current fashion (this year gambling stocks).

If the market is valued low today (what else could we mean this, it did flourish years ago?), and if the world as we know it does not end (as after all it might not), then by choosing your own stocks, buying them through a discount broker, and trading with them patiently, collecting dividends, you may not do spectacularly, but you are likely to do moderately well. Buying bet

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In Rome, John Paul II sits in prayer. National and personal tragedies have given him a sense of being an honored guest.

How the Pope Will Change the World

**That John Paul II is not Italian is unimportant.
That he was shaped by Polish culture and history is very important**

by Peter Hebblethwaite



ope John Paul II, bearing his mantle of martyr, will set off for a nine-day visit to Poland in June. He will go to Warsaw and the ancient cathedral town of Cracow, to the Marian shrine at Czestochowa, to Krakow, where he was a student, to the concentration camp at Auschwitz, and to Holy Sepulchre, a town that has sent a great many emigrants to America. The whole event will be televised, but that will not keep an estimated eight million Poles off the streets. It is expected to be the greatest public welcome in Poland's history.

The election of Karol Wojtyla as pope last October was an embarrassment for the Polish Communists. They had been trying to build up an obscure army singer—the first Polish astronaut—to “the world’s most famous Pole.” And now the College of Cardinals had upstaged them.

As patriotic Poles, the authorities were naturally pleased that a son of Poland should become the world’s best known religious leader. But as Communists, they were alarmed that his “love story” news would be projected onto the world stage. They also

knew that they would get increased attention from the international media, and Communist governments do not like journalists and camera crews loitering around their country.

Even more disturbing was the knowledge that the new pope would inevitably wish to return to Poland and that the obvious occasion for a visit was May 8, the one hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Saint Stanislaw, one of Wojtyla’s predecessors as archbishop of Krakow. Wojtyla had himself first served Paul VI and then John Paul I in those celebrations. And almost the moment after he became pope, the Polish granite and woodcut, Stefan Wyszyński, arrived him to Krakow.

The Polish government deferred. If it could not stop the visit, it could at least have it on a less provocative date. They knew that for Wojtyla, the story of Saint Stanislaw was not just a pious memory or a nostalgia tribute to the Middle Ages. It is political dynamite.

The authorities could look up, for example, the pastoral letter he wrote in May 1977. “Saint Stanislaw has become the patron saint of moral and social order in this country—he dared to tell the king himself that he was bound to respect the law of God



THE POPULAR GESTURES OF A POPE. (left to right) At the third annual Latin-American Bishops' Conference in Mexico the senior John Paul II tries to show first cardinals during a ritual, using his hands as a microphone. He addresses a crowd in Rome. John Paul accepts a traditional Polish hat from pilgrims who are visiting Vatican City in a gesture of respect. John Paul kisses the ground as he travels in St. Dominicus Republic. In January he receives a warm greeting as he rides through Moscow streets in the same car that Queen Elizabeth used

John Paul's visit to Poland is a political act. The whole country—and the rest of the world—waits to see what will happen.

The agreed-upon version of Saint Stanislaw is in fact a confusion of the truth that moral law is the foundation of social order. He was also the defender of the freedom that is the inalienable right of every man. No great subtlety is needed to read between the lines. The message of Saint Stanislaw is clearly and deliberately contemporary.

It was in social matters such issues that the popes that he preceded the Janus did. This was a naive misanthropism on their part, for wherever John Paul goes to Poland, he can, if he so wishes, speak of human rights, as he has done so frequently before. Anathema or Catechism would provide just as good a platform as the face of Saint Stanislaw. The symbols are there, ready at hand. And all the government has gained is a reputation for misanthropism.

Nevertheless, the indications are that John Paul will play a crucial and not predictable government role in Poland. He has already written a column, letter to Henryk Jablonski, president of Poland, to thank him for his "positive attitude" toward the visit. He very much wants to go.

But however much the government or the pope may try to determine in advance the meaning of the visit, it will develop in one moment. Its significance will depend on how the Poles react. They will certainly run out in vast numbers to greet the man they regard as the embodiment of Polish pride and independence. The pope's visit will be a political act, an informal platform, no matter how contemptuous his language. And the

whole country waits to see what will happen.

The rest of the world, too, watches and waits—fascinated, delighted, and sometimes mystified by this attractive personality who has put Poland back on the map. When he was elected, he was mistaken as the first non-Italian pope in 455 years. But more important than the fact that he is not Italian is the fact that he is definitely Polish. To understand him is to understand how Polish culture and history shape the pope and his policies—perhaps that will change the world or ways that may well prove more surprising than the fact that Wojtyla was elected at all.

His election seemed inconceivable on that summer evening seven months ago. In Warsaw, Kazimierz Kukulski, who heads the Polish Committee for Religious Affairs, was holding a press conference. He explained to reporters that the results of the conclave taking place in Rome would be important for Poland. It would determine whether the papacy displaced at the Vatican—the serious realism about Eastern Europe—would be followed in the new papacy.

Kukulski is not noted for his love of the Church. The business of his ministry is to keep the Church in its place, which in Poland is a difficult and thankless task. But he is usually polite. "If a Polish pope is elected," said Kukulski, "I will say you all congratulations." A half hour later the news came that Cardinal Karol Wojtyla of Krakow had been elected pope, and Kukulski,

He is considered an authority on the Pope's relationship to Eastern European affairs.

Among his books are *The Council Fathers and Athens* and *The Russian Church, described in The Times of London* as "a masterful and well-written survey of the prolonged often which the Second Vatican Council unleashed." His most recent book, *The Year of the Three Popes* (published by Collier), has been widely reviewed on both sides of the Atlantic. John Jay Hughes, in his review in *American*, wrote: "A very good story indeed, told with style, nerve and economy in a narrative that is by turns gripping, moving, and very funny." The book goes beyond journalism to reflect thoughtfully on the events it so masterfully narrates.

He is now engaged, with a team of *The Sunday Times* of London reporters in an in-depth study of the pontificate of Pope John Paul II. He has been married in 1974 after leaving the Jesuits on good terms. He has two children.

Meanwhile, indications are that John Paul will not provoke the Communist government unnecessarily during his stay.

pole but loyal to his word, ordered champagne.

Champagne corkers were also popping that same evening in the Vatican, where the 113 cardinals, still gathered for the conclave, toasted the man they had just elected pope. A certain amount of euphoria was to be expected. For they had not only done the unexpected, they had done the unthinkable.

The election rules of the conclave were that a pope might be elected in his lifetime, as is not to last unbearably long; that he should be an Italian, to avoid national jealousies; and that candidates from Communist countries, however personally promising, could be excluded on the ground that their election would seem an unnecessary and provocative challenge to their governments.

The October conclave broke all these rules. Exactly how it happened is still part of the secret of that meeting. But the best sources and the most intelligent newspaper writers that Wojtyla's election was the result of an Italian surprise. Cardinal Siri of Genoa and Bertini of Florence were looked in as probable conflict. Each man's supporters refused to give way to the other candidate. The path was open for Wojtyla.

In the Roman Chapel just after the election, the bearded figure of Karol Wojtyla sat some benches behind the "Last Judgment." He was asked in Latin: "Do you accept?"

There was an agonizing pause, and then Wojtyla replied: "With obedience to faith in Christ, my Lord, and with trust in the Mother of Christ and of the Church, in spite of the great difficulties, I accept." These words made him someone of Saint Peter, bishop of Rome, primary of Italy, patriarch of the West, and pope of the universal Church. It remained to tell the world.

Cardinal Primate Polak, Lattin and day seven lawyer, made the announcement from the balcony of St. Peter's as he had done seven weeks before. "We have a pope," he said aloud. "His name is Cardinal." This had the crowd roar. The only Church they could think of was the eighty-five-year-old Cardinals, who was not even a member of the conclave. Surely—Poles paused to savor his moment—"Cardinal Wojtyla," he went on, but no one was much wiser.

The truth dawned slowly. The answer came was not of an African or an Asian but of a Pole. The jubilation Agostino was at first muted and then enthusiastic as Wojtyla began to speak. His first words were "Praised be Jesus Christ"—the conventional greeting in Poland before the war. The crowd in the pews also knew the response: "Praised be our Lord." This was the first dialogue between pope and people.

Meanwhile, the papal master of ceremonies, Monsignor Virgilio Noe, was having second thoughts. The pope was supposed to give a blessing, not make a speech. Noe was leashed inside. Wojtyla spoke a slow, confident Italian. "I do not know," he said. "If I can express myself well enough in your so, day—Italian language, I'll make mistakes, you will have to correct me." That was their lesson. After all, and a man in the crowd, the Poles are better Catholics than we Italians. He added: "I am now on, let's see, let's see."

The first excitement over, analysis began. It was ill-informed. The only thing anyone knew about the new pope was that he was Polish, and from that a stream of inaccurate deductions followed. He was said to be dangerously pro-Communist or, alternatively, ruthlessly anti-Communist. Editors dispatched writers to Poland to discover who this man was who had evoked so suddenly from the shadows to the center of the international stage.

Pope, unlike other world leaders, whose coming can be sensed from a distance, emerge from relative obscurity. Could be U.S. Presidents start running wild and have to wear primrose, perhaps. But his name was not known, and the campaign, however it was organized, and back nationally into the time-light. Manifest ambition would disappear then. Their emergence is, for them, an act of God.

Karol Wojtyla, known to his friends as Karol, was born on May 18, 1920, to the market town of Wlodzislaw, not far from Krakow, in southern Poland. His life covers more or less the period of independent Poland, which as the late eighteenth century had been carved up between Prussia, Austria, and Russia. Russia, for 123 years, there was no Polish state, and yet the "state" continued to exist, kept alive by the Church, the language, and the culture.

His father was a clerk in the Polish Army—a sort of noncommissioned officer. Photographs show him as a severe-looking, balding man with pipe-smoke. Lohd is in the unrelenting soldier's uniform, boots, and on April 13, 1915, going forth to his third child, who was no child. So when Wojtyla speaks of Mary at the church needed mother, he is evoking not just the Polish tradition of piety but his own childhood. Further tragedy lay in store for the Wojtyla family. Wojtyla's elder brother, Edward, first of the family to become a serious education, caught scarlet fever in the hospital where he worked as a doctor and died. His father died in 1942, leaving Karol alone.

the youngest among the Polish episcopacy. But becoming a bishop did not change his style. He was as available as ever to anyone who wanted to discuss the church's involvement in society. He began to organize seminars for workers, students, actors. He listened as much as he spoke.

His modernist and distant Lublin friend had a far different view. He would turn up late for lectures and they reckoned that he must be leaving in some hour more peculiar to himself. In Lublin, he preferred the company of laymen to priests. This was sometimes held against him.

In 1964, he became archbishop of Kraków, and three years later, he was made a cardinal. The Communist press suggested that this latter appointment was a political insurance designed to counterbalance the influence of Stefan Wyszyński. The tough-minded Wyszyński, sixteen years older than Wójtyła, never happened then when he was up on the barricades denouncing the latest perils of the Communists, was concerned with the faithful archbishop of Kraków, who was not politically compromised and who recognized that "socialism" had come to stay in Poland.

There was something in the idea that Wójtyła would counterbalance Wyszyński. The Vatican was at that time looking for a modus vivendi in Poland at which dialogue would replace results. But if the government hoped to divide the Church, the plan miscarried. Wójtyła proved utterly loyal to Wyszyński. He once asked some Italian journalists how many Italian cardinals sided with Rome, apparently "in Poland," he said, "fifty percent of the cardinals." Someone pointed out that there were only two cardinals in Poland: "French," said Wójtyła. "Wyszyński counts for sixty percent."

Yet Wójtyła did differ from Wyszyński, and I can remember a conversation with him in the late 1960s in which he nobly distanced himself from the cardinal's premise. He made two main points that were significant in the light of subsequent events.

The first was that it was inaccurate to speak of the Church in Poland as a "Church of Silence"—a favorite title aimed at the time. It had newspapers, a Catholic University, and 11,000 priests. And it should not speak—he was insisting—as in a defensive posture, as in reporting on the state of the Polish Church—of persecution Catholics were harassed, day by day, but that was something else. Their newspapers were censored, often abridged; they did not have enough newspapers for the number of copies they could sell, they were denied any radio or television, they would not build churches in their wished-for communities. Catholic could hold any position of authority. But all this, and Wójtyła, could not be compared with the persecution of the Solidarity period, when over 2,000 priests and laymen were cast into jail.

Now this criticism, broad though it may seem, was a notable departure from the various lines propounded by Cardinal Wyszyński in Warsaw. For Wyszyński, persecution was stimulating for the Church. It kept it on its toes. He rebuked it. It prevented Poland from going the way of Western Europe, where secularization had emptied the churches. The perils of Poland was that

communism kept the Church in business.

Wójtyła evidently believed that the Wyszyński analysis was reasonable and feasible. Loyal though he was, he thought that in the long run, the factors for secularization that had operated in Western Europe would soon begin to affect Poland. Urbanization and secularization would weaken their force. And the necessity lay not in keeping alive the sense of being persecuted but in adult education. This was the key to Wójtyła's potential policy in Kraków.

The spirit of his discourse was unlike any other priest's. It was no grand assembly but a host of small discussion groups, some 500 in all, of people who became aware of their faith as they talked it over in the light of the group. Very soon, these groups established links with Poland's "living universities," informal meetings for lectures on history or philosophy that escaped police control in Western Europe. Wójtyła was becoming a "disseminator."

Meanwhile, Wójtyła was rapidly acquiring an international reputation on the Catholic scene. He had been present in all four sessions of the Second Vatican Council (1962-1965), where he had made important speeches on religious liberty (the Church cannot claim it unless it also concedes it) and a famous lecture to denounce it in the abstract and better to talk with abstracts.

His international reputation was further enhanced by his contributions to the successive synods of bishops held in Rome from 1967 to 1977.

In the 1974 synod, for example, Wójtyła received the approval from bishops and cardinals by providing a right analysis—five points in a postcard—of the principal problems facing the Church around the world. Africa stressed the need to express the Gospel in rites and language that could be understood locally. Asia was concerned about non-Christian religions, mainly Buddhism and Hinduism. Latin America had translated the Christ doctrine of salvation into "the theology of liberation," which stressed the social and political separations of oppressed peoples, and the Church in Europe and North America were worried by the trends of secularization, while elsewhere in the world he said, "a systematic, programmed, advanced" that demand any place for God in the life of the individual or of society.

Wójtyła deliberately left that phrase trailing in the air. He did not need to say any more. He was thinking in particular of Poland. But he had shown that he could look on problems in international perspective, and this was another reason that he was elected in 1978. From then on, as he said last October in his first speech to the diplomats accredited to the Holy See, "The particular nature of our country's origin is of little importance, as a Christian, and still more as pope, we are and will be the witness of a more universal life." In other words: Perpete the Polish factor.

Yet the Polish factor remains decisive for understanding the mass and for predicting how his pontificate might go. Though competent in many languages and by now much traveled, he cannot and does not wish to shed his Polishness. "There is



This picture of Our Lady of Częstochowa was, according to tradition, created by Saint Luke. He painted it as a gift from Christ to his mother. It was the picture that the Holy Family of Nazareth took with them on their journey to the Holy Land. It was the picture that the Holy Family of Nazareth took with them on their journey to the Holy Land. It was the picture that the Holy Family of Nazareth took with them on their journey to the Holy Land.

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The pope will not hesitate to become "the voice of those who have no voice." He will be the champion of the oppressed.

nothing of the omnipotence about him," said one of his closest friends. Not that there need be, of course, any opposition between Providence and omnipotence; this is simply the way he is inserted into the human race.

His Polish expression, for instance, has left him with a concept of faith that is different from that of Western Europeans and North Americans. In the last thirty years, the churches of the West have often indulged in heart-burning; they feel guilty because they "left the workers" in the nineteenth century and have exploited the Third World in the twentieth.

The Polish Church does not share in these guilty feelings. It did not lose the workers and, on the contrary, feels deeply united with them. It could do little about the Third World. It was a Victim Church, first at the hands of the Nazis and then at the hands of the Communists. In its exemplary way, it has been persecuted by both forms of modern totalitarianism. Somehow it has survived, with its faith not only intact but strengthened. It is not affected by self-doubt.

This confidence has not made even of faith is reflected in John Paul II's first encyclical, *Redemptio Homo*. Its first words are a ringing rejection of the spirit of The Communist Manifesto before, Marx had written: "The history of all hitherto existing society has been the history of class struggles." John Paul writes: "The redemptor of man, Jesus Christ, is the center of the universe and of history."

This encyclical has two characteristic key words. The first is *dimension* and the second *wonder*. John Paul sees in Christ someone in whom the full dimensions of man are opened up, until one has grasped this, one's vision of man is incomplete, truncated, rebuffed of the dimension that alone gives him significance. He holds not only that we cannot know God except as Jesus Christ but that we cannot even know ourselves except as Jesus Christ. He is the image of God and the image of man—the mirror in which we can find our true and authentic selves.

And this sense of the dimensions of man leads to wonder and gratitude. The first task of the Catholic Christian, as John Paul sees it, is not to go for reforms within the Church, it is to become aware (not only of his but world) of man's knowledge of God and himself, which is implicit in Christ.

Of course, John Paul knows perfectly well that in the last years of the pontificate of Pope Paul VI, there was a mood of discouraged pessimism at many parts of the Catholic Church. There were defections of priests and nuns. There was much bitterness and mutual incrimination. Archbishop Lubanski generally led the disappointed traditionalists into silence. Talk of "crisis" was not unqualified.

John Paul, however, insists on a positive interpretation of the last ten years. There it, he writes, "a new stage of life for the Church, a movement that is much stronger than the symptoms of doubt, collapse and crisis." For him this is not just wishful thinking; it is a deep conviction and one that he hopes he will be able to share with the rest of the Church and the world.

There are political consequences, strange as it may seem, of this psychology of faith. For only a confident Church can act effectively in the world. A Church understood by self-doubt and not by mission (divines will be timid and inoperative. One sees, as a simple matter of fact, that in December 1978, the Holy See, through Cardinal Sotomayor, its envoy, was asked to mediate in the dispute between Chile and Argentina, both of which had been on the brink of war. One notes, too, the recent report of possible Chinese interest in reopening the Jesuit-run Aurora Medical School at Shanghai. Missionary work can be stimulated directly by the new pope, but he has created the mood in which such things are thinkable and therefore possible.

At his inauguration mass, John Paul II appealed to world

leaders: "Open wide the doors for Christ. To this strong power upon the foundations of justice, economic and political systems, the vast fields of culture, civilization, and development. Do not be afraid. Christ knows 'what is in man'; He alone knows it." This represents a summary of his program. And it applies in a special way to Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

John Paul II puts a simple question to these regimes: What are you afraid of? Why are you so reluctant to trust the people as those whom you claim to act? Why can you not respect the religious dimension, which you solemnly agreed in 1978? The election of Wojtyla must have been bad news for Brezhnev and still worse news for Gorbachev.

Indeed, so secret were the Communist leaders that Gorbachev, the Soviet foreign minister, went scurrying to Rome in January to have a two-hour meeting with John Paul II, telling in Russian, raised the very uncomfortable question about the persecution of Catholics in Lithuania, a topic that Paul VI had tended to self-censor in the interest of diplomacy.

John Paul II has, in fact, used the initiative in the Communist world. He has started a weekly mass broadcast to Poland on television Radio, something never happened before, despite repeated requests from the Polish bishops. He has also urged the Hungarian bishops not to compromise with the state.

In all this, one can see a reflection of his Polish experience and his confident faith. He knows just how hard to push with Communist governments. He knows, too, that it is important to insist on legal guarantees of agreements in order that they not be dismissed as mere scraps of paper.

The Polish factor also leads him to place great emphasis on devotion to Mary, the Mother of God. But in talk of Mary as "Queen of Poland" is not just pious puff. It makes a political point and a statement about where the true sovereignty of Poland lies. It suggests that the present rules are no more than temporary crutches which will one day disappear.

Every year, Wojtyla preached a sermon on the feast of Our Lady, Queen of Poland at Jasna Gora, the shrine of the Black Madonna of Częstochowa. Non-Polish readers will find these sermons baffling. They contain very little theology and much emotion on Polish history.

In May 1977, for example, he stressed that Our Lady was queen of all Poles, including those living in other countries. He knew that the government could not credibly make such a claim. He also recalled the view of King Jan Kazimierz in 1656. On the eve of the campaign against the invading Swedes, Kazimierz had pleaded the whole nation to Mary and promised to "work for social justice among the Polish people." Had the second part of this vow been fulfilled?

Wojtyla implied that it had not but that on May 3, 1981, when Poland was given a new constitution, there had been a brief vision of a united and more fraternal nation. But it was soon lost sight of in the grim reality of partition and the triple occupation.

Wojtyla, then, unlike many intellectuals, does not despise popular religion. He is too much of a theologian not to want to purify it of superstitious elements, but he is not alone because he is a pope of the Church's strength. There is a strongly populist element in his makeup, and in his ten years in Krakow, he had become an unofficial father of the Polish people. Projected onto the world scale, this means that he will not hesitate to become "the voice of those who have no voice," the champion of the oppressed.

Another aspect of his Polish inheritance may be less gratifyingly recent to the West. After all, it is the family into so occurred in a country where the government through its total control of the mass media and the educational system seeks to impose its own ideology, the family with its ally the Church remains the last bastion of what is an alternative society in Poland. It is the one sort of society that eludes totalitarian control.

Left, John Paul II in a new filmed speech during his 1979 Polish pilgrimage, asserts that Jesus was not a political revolutionary.



THE CHILDREN OF A POPE (X) In right: John Paul II in a crowd that hugs the Indian child in a village near Guzman, Mexico, smiling, he delights over the youngster during his first public appearance in Rome during a general audience in St. Peter's Basilica. John Paul holds a child high above his head as he returns him to his parents, at the Mexico City airport, he gets a good-bye kiss from a little girl while another child wishes John Paul dream a young boy to his side as he accepts an enthusiastic welcome from his admirers of all ages in Guadalajara, Mexico.



John Paul senses a hunger for God and a "creative restlessness" that are preparing the ground for a religious revival.

Two qualifications must be made before concluding that John Paul II will have nothing disconcerting to say on sexual morality. The first is that he did not disapprove of the final draft of the concordat between the Holy See and Italy. True, the text had been negotiated long before he became pope, but by refusing to endorse Catholicism as the state religion of Italy, it recognizes in practice that pluralism can exist. And in a pluralistic society, legislation does not have to reflect Catholic moral teaching as it stands.

The second qualification is that as a theologian, John Paul II has always had a deep personal interest in questions of sexual morality and though he has defended traditional positions, he has not defended them in the traditional manner. In his book *Love and Responsibility*, originally published in Polish in 1959, he supports the ban on artificial contraception. But instead of using the argument based on nature and function—that sexuality is for procreation—he states his case in personal terms. Human sexuality is an interpersonal exchange, a language of love, which does not exclude the risk of a child.

Alfred, Dr. Jack Donovan, a British psychiatrist who has been one of the leaders in the movement to change the Church's attitude toward sexuality, has welcomed the Wojtyla approach. Speaking of the latter's Wojtyla given in Milan on June 21, 1978, which was officially supposed to commemorate "ten years after *Humanae Vitae*," Donovan commented: "The concern of his address were principally concerned [not with contraception but] with love in marriage, and I believe that the world is hungry for a deeper appreciation of the meaning of love in marriage and the family."

It may be that John Paul II has accurately gauged the mood as the various strident sexual revolutions produce their crop of casualties and the world moves toward the year 2000—a date that recurs obsessively in his writings. But he is not just going to sit around and wait passively for the final day. His vision of a world renewal, in Christ is—another favorite word—a dynamic vision, which is at the heart of culture and civilization. Everything will depend on how we treat one another and how we treat the earth's resources. Solidarity and stewardship are the two key concepts of John Paul II. He believes that there is a hunger for God and that "creative restlessness" is preparing the ground for a religious revival.

An examination of the Polish society may help us to understand

Wojtyla's mind-set and to predict his likely attitudes, but the man still remains elusive. He is so inundated that he defies all attempts to pin him down easily, for he has been a scholar, an actor, a sportsman (boxing and swimming), a student leader, a philosopher, a poet, a lover of music. "Which Wojtyla," his friends ask in dismay, "do you want to talk about?"

They all agree that he is one of those rare characters who have a great capacity for hard work and yet who always have time for people. In Krakow, his car was fired with a speed lamp and makeshift desk so that he could work as he was driven along. When he went off for his holiday in the Tatra Mountains, he would ask his friend Jerzy Tarnowski, editor of the Catholic paper in Krakow, to supply him with the ten most important news books. He has never been an avid newspaper reader, but then the censored Polish press is not the most stimulating reading.

Those who wish to make contact with Wojtyla the philosopher can now read *The Divine Person*, which is part of the double *Quaestiones*, The *Philosophical and Theological Answered*. It is a highly professional piece of work and rather daunting to one brought up in the Anglo-Saxon tradition of analytic philosophy. It would be proportionate to summarize it in a paragraph. But one can say that its main aim is to show Christian and non-Christian alike a revealed in himself not in thought but in action. He is an outburst beyond the world. Though *The Divine Person* does not touch on strictly theological themes, Wojtyla's discussion of notions such as participation, community, dialogue, and love opens out naturally into politics and theology.

In his explanation, one catches many echoes of his perennial background. He says, for instance, that "each man... is all the unrepeatable reality of what he is and what he does" and that he "writes the personal history of his" day by day through all the "words, contacts, situations, social encounters linking him with other men." Man fulfills himself only in the service of the community.

As a good personalist should, Wojtyla has tried to live his philosophy as well as proposed it. His welcoming spirit and his openness to dialogue derive from his personal philosophy and were no doubt what drew him to it in the first place. For him it has been a principle of personal integration, a has provided an "act of being."

Theology is always in dialogue with philosophy. Much Western theology in the mid-twentieth century (Balthasar, Teilhard, and Rahner) was in conversation with Heidegger. I see and

He uses his personal charisma to cheer people up. And he does not pretend to be sustained by the bread of angels alone.

doubted in his version of modern man. Wojtyla's picture of modern man is less pessimistic.

Now he is called to follow those Latin-American theologians who believe this theology should "recover the energies of Marx" just as Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century "recovered the insights of Aristotle." The reason the pope is unlikely to share this attitude is that Marxism is for him not a theory but an experience, inseparable irrevocably with its claim that it is "programmed, structured and organized into a political system" with disastrous consequences in human terms.

However, he does sometimes use Marxist concepts. He talks with modern man in most afraid and anxious "alienation." He wants to be suggesting that man's activity in the world is robbed of its meaning, that it can become anomalous (pollution and the arms race), that cosmic and technology are becoming like the serpent's temptation, masters instead of servants.

But Wojtyla's mind is not filled solely with philosophical ideas. He is a contemplative side to his nature, which the languages of philosophy and theology cannot satisfy. So he turns to poetry as a means of expression and discovery.

In one of his poems he set himself to one who releases the energies hidden in others:

*The world is cheered with hidden energies
and badly I still sleep by name.
No fire moves, though ready to leap
they don't burst like mountains under stress
as their past life runs from right.
I am a great, I stand, from that expand the mind;
sometimes the memory of a slender smile
is all that remains.*

When we recall that the title of this poem is "A Bishop's Thoughts on Giving the Sacrament of Confirmation in a Mountain Village," we see grasp that this is how he sees his ministry: touching flames that expand the mind. As pope, he will try to be one who awakes.

All of which makes one extremely reluctant to pin labels on John Paul II or to discuss him as a conservative. True, he holds firmly to traditional, or, he would say, mainstream, positions. But he has nothing of the narrow, conservative attitude that demands adhesion to the letter of doctrine in a spirit of unyielding. He deflates traditional positions because he feels their enlightening to his present life and hopes they will be so for others.

And now the point is in the Vatican. One of his closest friends has seen him twice since he became pope and naturally wondered whether the high office had changed him in any way. He was warm and direct in usual—and yet there was something different that the world saw at best per two words. There is more to her becoming pope has enabled him to become kinder.

In Poland he was always chafing under restraints of one kind or another. Either he did not want to upstage Cardinal Wyszyński or government prosecutors prevented him from speaking his mind as fully as he would have wished. Now he can say what he likes. He can be himself at last.

Audience in the Vatican have never so thronged. Knees were bent before him as his historic words have placed historical kisses on his white dove, small boys have been brought in the air and gently caught in English women with normal cancer has been lovingly embraced. "Through all his physical ailment, he has remained cool and serene on his message."

John Paul II is not alone using his personal charisma and the power of his office to cheer people up. Francis has made little to him. While Paul VI gave the impression of being a tortured soulful man who was worn in person but found it difficult to communicate with words, John Paul II (in *La Ciudad de Dios* usually calls him) is all of a piece and enjoys himself in all circumstances. He is not solemn. After his marriage must be was in the morning so as not to interfere with Italian football games, he turned to the crowd and said: "It is time for you to go and eat, as it is for the pope." He does not pretend to be sustained by the bread of angels alone.

But this remarkable man, then, no weaknesses? Most accounts of his life since he became pope have based the man beneath a mountain of hypochondria and sadness. He becomes a myth, the focus for so many hopes and aspirations. But respect does not revive legends.

I remember asking one of his friends whether in Krakow John Paul had been a good crisis spotter. There was a pause, suggesting some embarrassment, before the answer came: "I think he was a one-man band." Though as pope he can sit the style and the loss of the Vatican, he will shortly now have to begin to think about appointments and the sort of curia he wants. There is so far no sign of this hesitation, though the unexpected death on March 9 of Juan Villot, a cardinal secretary of state, will force him to make his first and most significant nomination.

Another possible weakness is stylistic. Especially when filtered



Smiling, some show their support of the new pope after his installation. "From now on," remarked a man in the crowd, "he's an Italian."

The new pope has had a vision since his youth: A renaissance of Christian culture in which faith and poetry would come together.

through translation, his poetic style and habit of infusing dialectical subtleties make his fully easy to understand. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that his style trusts our powers of listening.

His speech to the Latin-American bishops' meeting in Puebla represented the most critical challenge that he has yet had to face. The question is everyone's mind was whether he would endorse "liberation theology," with its subversive and Marxist overtones, or show sympathy for the military dictatorships.

First reports from Puebla were most confusing. The pope was—depending on the paper you read—and to have attacked or defended liberation theology. Until one had the complete text, it was impossible to say. When it became available, the reason for the misunderstanding was clear: John Paul II had recognized the validity of the experience of liberation theology while criticizing some of its methods. At the same time, his energetic statements against the abuse of human rights would have brought no comfort to generals Videla and Pinochet.

In other words, John Paul II had tried to shift the ground of the debate. This was not merely a diplomatic ploy: a ploy to all your ideological biases. It was an attempt to make both sides think again. It was part of his idea of teaching forces that will expand the mind. But it is not easy to grasp such subtleties.

His first explicit, historic, personal commitment to liberation theology. The inauguration—celebrated enough in the light of the previous explicit, Romanesque Rite—was that such a later most condense something. It was variously said to condense divorce, priests who want to marry, capitalists, communists, even sales, pollution, environmentalism, or even. But this missed the point precisely. In his first explanation, the pope was trying to share his vision of the Church. If he failed to communicate that, the faith was not exactly his audience's.

But the vision is most certainly there and it is the most important fact about the new pope. He has his dream. The French poet Alfred de Vigny said that "a great life is a dream of youth rendered its entirety." As a young man in the Regency of the University, he dreamed of a Catholic renaissance. Poetry, the theater, and the novel would all make their contribution to a new synthesis of faith and art. It was a dream that was forced elsewhere. In France, Claudel and Bernanos; in England, Chesterton and Graham Greene; and in America, Flannery O'Connor and Robert Lowell had revived the hope that twentieth-century Ch-

tholism could inspire a literary and intellectual renaissance. In Weir's case, these hopes currently took a nihilistic form. But the war got us and so that for the time being.

The dream resented. His wartime experience convinced him that any such renaissance needed an intellectual suffering. John of the Cross taught him that mysticism and poetry need not be opposed. Rilke and the generation showed him that faith had nothing to fear and ought to learn from contemporary thought. But his vision of a Christian culture, the cultivation of the whole man—body, mind, heart, feelings—was denied all public expression in postwar Poland. What went under the name of "culture" had to serve narrowly political ends, and if there were, happily, exceptions to this principle, that was because Poles are not easily dissatisfied into conformity and are reluctant to be inconsistent.

Thus a dream born in Poland just before the war that had been confined in stress and suffering emerged before the whole world in the late twentieth century, having waited for its moment of receiving the divine gift, the favor of the New Testament.

Manuelito's Europe and America, that particular dream had faded. The Second Vatican Council had been intended to renew the Church and had to a great extent succeeded. But one of its less desirable side effects was that theologians began to imagine that their principal task was to reform the Church. Finding it at least A, they were to push it forward to points X, Y, or Z. Arguments, or updating, was the most ubiquitous concept ever applied to Church life. It involved conformity in the spirit of the age as well as fidelity to the gospel.

In this situation of despair, along comes John Paul II, the "man from a country" who reminds theologians that they are first of all responsible to the truth, that theology is "not a simple collection of personal opinions," and that line has a place even in theological study—being responsible for truth means writing to its light. These are old-fashioned ideas, and they are addressed not just to theologians but to all Christians and to all men who presently search for truth.

But they are perhaps what the contemporary Church and the contemporary world need in this moment. After the hubbub and the shouting, the inconsistencies and the reforms, the Pope's Church needs to rediscover its base and embrace renewal.

If it didn't need the living God in man's pocket, I would be tempted to say that the election of the surprising man from Krakow was providential. ☐

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ESCAPE WHILE YOU STILL CAN

Looking good while looking for a way out in Baja California

Fashion photographs by Burt Glum



Above: Texture and color sweep up as new fashion waves for summer. The navy blue trunks with built-in long string are at very risk. The suit is from Jansen. \$13 at Jorden Marsh, Boston, May Co., Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York. Her leotard is by Division. Her sunglasses are by Roberts. Her beach towel is from Fieldcrest. hers to by Merrie

You've abandoned the world and its problems. You feel remote, private, inaccessible. You feel good. You've come 600 miles south of California to a spiny finger of pure white sand—the tip of the Baja California peninsula in Mexico. The bright waters of the Pacific Ocean and the Sea of Cortés on the east are little more than a mile apart. The sea is a natural fish trap; there is spectacular deep-sea fishing. The terrain is ragged and beautiful, the sun is hot. This is one of the best places in the world for escape, a place to do nothing, for a change. All you need to take are some good-looking swimsuits for sunning and swimming and some durable shirts and tops for fishing and jogging on the sand. Several self-contained resort hotels now provide creature comforts, even luxury. There, after sunset, you can use some plaid flannel shirts, unlined jackets in sun-burnished colors, and a panama hat to see you into the soft and sultry evening.

Right: Trunks styled to look like basketball shorts represent a predominant look for the beach. His are crisp white by Janss, \$9.99 at Macy's. New York. Bullock's, Los Angeles. Famous Barr, St. Louis. Her suit is by Moschino. Tilly for Elan.

Styled by Karen D. Vaughan





Right: Surf casting is one of the many delights available in the Baja locations. He wears an *Indi Lacoste* shirt, \$20 from *Alfama's*, New York, and *Flora's*, Boston, and *Wendrich* shorts, \$14.95 from *Kroger & Sons*, New York. Her shirt is by *Levi Strauss & Co.*. Her shorts are by *Glori*. Sunglasses are from *Rap-Ran's The Chequerboard collection*.



Above: *Alfred the Twin Dolphin*, a bear charmer from the recent film, she takes from the sea by diving; one of his swim shorts from *Andie Oliver*, \$16. Her scarf is from *The Furuta Shop*, New York. He wears shorts by *Boni*, \$12 from *Exposit*, New York, and *Dew Cook*, Denver, and a *Head* shirt, \$18 from *Sundamonas Ski Shop*, New York, and *Foxy-Love*, Dallas. The warm-up jacket is by *Christine Dior* and is part of a set (jacket not shown), \$175 at *Diamond's*, Phoenix. *Gutcheur's*, New Orleans.



Above: The beautiful couple attracts many visitors to the *Cabo San Lucas* area and in particular to the *Sea of Cortez*, where they can walk directly onto the *Pacific*. He releases in a warm-up jacket, \$42.95, and shorts, \$20, both by *Calvin Klein*, available at *May's*, New York. *Y Magazine*, San Francisco. Her necklace is by *Danlon*.



Life. The Most! Cabo San Lucas offers a variety of accommodations for those who escape to Baja. Lush tropical shore surrounds the complex and adds romance to the setting. We begin in the most exclusive, finest placed resort from Country Inns, \$70 from Paul Scott Ltd., New Rochelle, New York, topped by a 1200 sq ft from Paul Scott, New York, \$29.95. Her evening guest is from Mykonos.

Where to Stay In Baja

Hotel Cabo San Lucas On California Bay 125 rooms. PO Box 22, Cabo San Lucas, Baja California, Mexico. \$63-\$81 \$9 per person per night (breaks meals included)

Hyatt Baja, New 125 rooms. PO Box 12, Cabo San Lucas, Baja California, Mexico. Single \$47-\$51 double \$53-\$65 meals extra

Hotel Twin Dolphins On a secluded beach, 50 rooms. PO Box 22, Cabo San Lucas, Baja California, Mexico. \$30 per person per night double. \$73 per person per night single, with 1000 meals.

Hotel Solimar Quiet atmosphere, on the ocean. 61 rooms. PO Box 8, Cabo San Lucas, Baja California, Mexico. or PO Box 153, Pacific Palisades, California 90272. \$62 per room double occupancy, without meals, \$35 per room double occupancy, with 1000 meals.

Panorama Hawaii Six on cliffs 190 feet above the Pacific. 35 rooms. \$17 single, \$80 double, with 1000 meals.

Residence Hotel (formerly the Camino Real) 66 rooms (50 are suites) \$34-\$42 single, \$52-\$70 double, with meals. **Hotel Peninsula** On an isolated peninsula. 40 rooms. \$34 single, \$68 double, with meals.

—Stephen Strickman

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The Man Who Owns Chicago

Mike Royko's tough, ill-mannered newspaper column in the *Chicago Sun-Times* has the power to alter the course of major elections. It generally keeps the city in line

by William Brashler

The crowd in made thousands of men each day on street corners by early (twins) as they spit through the space between their two front teeth. "TAAAAA!" They do it for hours, on the sidewalk, the curb, the doors of old ladies, until they feel from disfigurement and must ambles over to a joint for some fries and a Coke.

Nobody was better at it on the corner around Aeneas and California, on Chicago's Northwest Side, than the skinny Polish kid with the big nose and glasses and the wire rim.

"TAAAAA!"
His name was Royko, and his old man owned a saloon called The Blue Sky Lounge, on Aeneas and Paul. The business never gave him much time to cuff his kid around enough to keep him off street corners and out of trouble. So the kid cut school and hung out and got in fights and became a frequent guest at the Shakespeare Avenue police station.

A professional punk by the time he was 18, the kid Royko was sent to a formidable high school called Montefiore—"Monty-fur"—which was little more than a repository for kids who talked with their fists and spit through their teeth.

At Monty-fur, Royko figured the odds, found an Italian pal, and delivered himself on honorary Italian. That was because the toughest kid in the place was named Angelo Rosarno, a short, beefy guy with a lethal left hook and a vocabulary that amounted to "Gimme a quarter."

The early time Royko ever saw Rosarno got the short end of a fight was when Angelo took on a math teacher who was sixty pounds heavier and six inches taller. Even so, it was a wonder if the teacher landed as apparent that missed Angelo off the ground and landed him limp and unconscious on the floor. Royko and the rest of the kids in class waited until they were sure Angelo was out cold before they cheered.

Angelo resembled himself later, however. One of the few people at Montefiore who tried to teach was a biology teacher who, as possessed, as an aquarium, a slithering, live oil. He proudly used the oil to demonstrate the mysteries of science, mysteries lost on Angelo Rosarno since he got a look at the thing. At his first

chance, Angelo took out his knife and proceeded to hack the oil to pieces, leaving it floating, murky gaps, on the surface of the water.

The biology teacher was crushed when he saw it; the principal, furious. Every kid in class, each one a witness, was lined up and commanded to sign on who did it. Nobody, including the clever and hardheaded individual Royko, did. The boys were aware that if they rated as Angelo, they'd share the fate of the oil.

For Royko, it was his first exposure to omelet, the Mafia code of silence. He and the others in the class silently submitted to inches across their hands from a thoroughly pissed off principal.

A year later, Royko, at sixteen, quit Montefiore, as did most of his classmates, including Angelo Rosarno. Royko went to work as a theater usher and a stock clerk. Angelo went to work for professional thugs, who valued his talent. Some years later, Rosarno was found lying, like the oil, on the gutter, well dressed but very dead, having been tortured and crushed with a weapon that police speculated to be an ice pick. His classmate Royko went on to a different fate.

He is often mean, unfair, mocking, he jokes about people's appearance, their way of speaking, their dark past, their shady behavior. He is a know-no, a booz, ill-mannered, vulgar, the Philistine of the genre. Instead of mulling the cork of a fine bottle of wine, he salts the cork and says it.

To the proprietor of a French restaurant who has just bounced on early date and work, "This man could have amused in the middle of the restaurant and what can I do to prevent him?" He suggests, "Barricade him with a few finger bowls. I suppose."

He calls his readers old hats, crooks, crooks, crooks, and crooks. A typical political endorsement of his goes like this: "Here are Alderman George A. Kwak's known qualifications: He breathes and he always remembers to put his pants on in the morning." Or: "The highest praise I've heard about Alderman LaRoy Cross is that he is a doll."

Other than that, Mike Royko is a nice guy. He is also the best columnist writing today. He has won almost every major journalism award—the Heywood Brown, the Pulitzer—in the business. He has written four books, one a best-selling biography that had

Right: Royko visits Chicago's Northwest Side, where he grew up.



William Brashler is a writer-novelist currently living in Chicago.

Royko's column is often mean, unfair, mocking. He jokes about people's appearances, their dark pasts, their shady relatives. He is a lowbrow, a boor, vulgar, the Philistine of the prairie.

a long stay on *The New York Times* list.

He wields enough power and influence to alter the course of major elections, the majesty of the city of Chicago, seats in the United States Senate, and, some trust, the presidency.

He makes a lot of money, owns two houses, a nice fishing boat, and, not surprisingly, a drinking problem. And he has an college degree—only a high school diploma earned at night at the YMCA.

If you read the *Chicago Sun-Times*, Mike Royko comes to you on page 2, five days a week, 150 days a year, or take a few—a year. It's less than that way, with only a few exceptions, for fifteen years (the first fourteen were spent with the now defunct *Chicago Daily News*). He is as steady and consistent as the work week, as durable as any columnist anywhere and twice as funny. He owns the town, something no other big-city columnist, with the exception of San Francisco's Herb Caen, can match. Reading Royko in Chicago is as much a part of the city today as it was and any fall, recent elections notwithstanding.

I was talking to an ERA lady recently. She was fuming that the amendment might appear fail in Illinois. She asked if I had any idea what kind of approach would work in bringing legislation around in her state.

I said, "Make the dogs... Give them some money."

She still didn't understand. "Money? For what?"

"Ridiculous."

Then she laughed and said "Oh, you're just kidding."

That's the trouble with the ERA crowd. They are earnest, diligent and energetic. But they don't have much sense.

Chicago is getting more and more difficult to get a fix on. From five French restaurants to repeat municipal elections to the expanding elegance of Michigan Avenue ("Road, Mich."), Chicago is doing its damndest to grow itself off being "Chicagoish." To defy the labels (but Carl Sandburg, Nelson Algren, the 1968 Democratic convention, and Mayor Richard Daley had hung on it all these years. The new mayor is a woman who ran against the machine. State-of-the-art great-dinner is being turned into State-of-the-art-grass-roots. If it wasn't for its permanent dirt weather, its period sports teams, and its venerable Midwestern, you might wonder where the old town has tumbled.

Mike Royko remains, however, an anchor, a sea of conservatism from the good old days. At age forty-one, he is still close to street corners, lifting stinky signs, musing his mental-faceted, his period sports teams, and its venerable Midwestern, you might wonder where the old town has tumbled.

Mike Royko remains, however, an anchor, a sea of conservatism from the good old days. At age forty-one, he is still close to street corners, lifting stinky signs, musing his mental-faceted, his period sports teams, and its venerable Midwestern, you might wonder where the old town has tumbled.

Without the campaigns of Senator Charles Percy last fall, Republican Daley had drifted so far away from the people of Illinois and Chicago that he found himself desperately needing Alex Satch, a political unknown. Nobody really noticed that Satch was worth anything. Percy and his family discovered that Satch was, in fact, a machine, making stink politicians who wanted to the worst interests of the voters.

Royko, who never endorsed Percy (he seldom endorses anybody), lugged what he saw as Alex Satch using the Rappaport technique of fictional characters to carry his post, he wrote a column blaming Satch to an old neighborhood punk named Bud Russell.

"Bud Russell... smokes, smokes, and filthy things to good girls. He shoplifted at the drug store, stole bikes, and stood under the L station steps so he could peek up ladies' skirts. He was considered the neighborhood nut."

Royko blamed Percy to a neighborhood kid named Neve Norbert, with opposite characteristics. Then he said that Satch, as Bud Russell was "on the brink of crash landing and eye gouging his way into the U.S. Senate," something that Royko didn't mind, he just thought Percy, who "wouldn't know how to crash a plane," was overmatched in that department.

In other columns, Royko denoted how Satch that his eyes to a "disgusting, First World political hack" and the brother of a crony-tycoon's daughter who once served under Satch on a county zoning board. In all, Royko wrote, Percy, as Neve Norbert, had plenty of ammunition to fight back at Bud Russell, and "if [he] had a very thick skin of Satch's shiny fighting instincts," he'd do it.

Somehow Percy woke up to it all, and he started writing and confronting Satch. He reported a Royko column as a full-page newspaper ad. The polls drastically narrowed, and Percy finally pulled out a thin victory.

Pundits and second-guessers will argue forever about how much the press has to do with close elections, and tonight is inevitable, but if you have the chance, ask Senator Percy if he ever heard of Bud Russell and Neve Norbert.

The ERA forces in Illinois have a war chest of about \$200,000. It is absolutely awful in these money-starved times that when there are so many hungry legislators in Springfield.

Royko didn't always effect things as he did the Percy-Satch race. Richard Daley withheld Royko's birth and awards and exposed *Rev. Royko's* biography of Daley, was a damning political primer highly regarded across the country. He referred to "Huey" as "The Great Dumping" and quoted Daley's married English reflexions, complete with "dime, dime, and dime" run-on sentences, con sequences, and misadventures. He dubbed the mayor's vice, after they were found to have had help in passing their state statute cases and one of them had been given a city insurance contract, Mrs. Lenny-Carly, and Sherry-Ali, some people like to hate oral.

Daley had been around before Mike Royko, and the city of Chicago fascinated by the Daley questions of a tolerable level of corruption in exchange for fiscal stability and reasonable services. Chicago was called "the city that works," Royko disagreed. He said it was the city of "Whiners' noise."

He remained an antagonist to better name a writer over Daley, but he took some pride in knowing that the mayor often turned to him first as he read the paper in his lounge and was frequently described in laughter when Royko ended a filibuster pit Lenny, Sam Thompson, then U.S. attorney in northern Illinois, now governor of the state, indicted and convicted many of the persons in the book. "Best reason I got," Royko said.

Then Daley died. His political machine survived him, as did Royko. The machine, however, seemed invisible—and January 13, 1976, when Chicago was hit with ninety-year waves of snow and sub-zero temperatures that kept it where it felt. Suddenly the "only that works" didn't. Chicago was choked for weeks: the streets clogged, cars buried, public transportation all but useless, garbage heaped in unsanitary piles. People cursed and, first, then read about sweetheart snow-removal contracts given to city hall's friends providing for conspiracy snow-removal plans that had not been completed. They read of a new snow-removal chief with Mafia associations. And finally, they listened to city hall stashed road for Royko "the greatest snow-removal effort in the history of Chicago."

Through it all, Royko was there every day, forcing and



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The Crown Jewel of England.

A noted lexicographer observes that the expression 'crown jewel' applies not only to crowns and scepters, or artifacts of gold and precious stones.

The term 'crown jewel' can refer to the crowning achievement, the most shining example, of any form of craftsmanship or art.

It is in this sense that we refer to Beefeater® Gin as The Crown Jewel of England.

Beefeater has long been acknowledged the crowning achievement of the distiller's art in London, home of the world's finest, most delicate gin.

Indeed, there is in the distilling of Beefeater a remarkable resemblance to the art of the great jeweler. A distilling run consists of an unblemished middle, or "heart," and of "tonshots and fumes," the beginning and end of the run, which are flawed and out of balance.

Beefeater is literally all heart. Because a Beefeater stillman, like a master jewel-cutter, will preserve only the choice, flawless "heart," thus assuring you of an unblemished jewel of a gin, a gin of brilliance and clarity.

A perfect gin, like a perfect gem, will glow with highlights. In Beefeater, each

flavor contributes a highlight of its own. But each highlight serves not to blind the partaker with its own brilliance, nor to upset the delicate balance of flavors, but rather to flatter the blending as a whole.

Thus the designation of Beefeater as The Crown Jewel would appear to be highly appropriate.

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Beefeater is The Crown Jewel of England because Beefeater is distilled in England, in London itself (just a cobbler's throw from the Tower of London).

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London is the home, for one thing, of the proud Beefeater stillmen. It is the city where stillmanship is esteemed as art, and Beefeater stillmen as master artists.

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So a gin by any other name may possibly be called a copy of Beefeater, but never its equal.

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The Crown Jewel of England.

BEEFEATER® GIN The Crown Jewel of England.

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YOU GOT IT



THE COROLLA 2-DOOR. TOYOTA

Roiko invented fictional characters to represent Senator Percy and his opponent. Percy was Nice Norbert. The opponent was Bad Russell. The senator got the point and changed the thrust of his campaign.

swearing with everybody else, taking up the state of the bogus contract, exposing the mob-style news chest, generally checking the machine for being effective only in vote getting, not in vote saving.

They [political people] are very good at what they do. But they're full of little lies when it comes to showing what the streets. Since haven't been on a city street since last St. Patrick's Day parade. I like [Roiko] couldn't very well tell him that he can't ask good precinct captains to mess around with me and me. The suit might consider that point again. And on and on, as all were front. He even brought a four-wheel-drive truck to get through the drifts, spending money he could have used to escape to the Caribbees.

In February, he started meeting about June Byrne, a sometime Daley supporter, the upstart mayoral challenger who didn't have a prayer until the business but who had reached enough friends first and changed hands to know that the senator's political machine was fading with every legal day. While the never enjoyed an endorsement from Roiko (he refers to her as Miss Roiko), the benefited enormously from a line column that asked if Chicago could survive June Byrne. The answer? Of course, "we've survived two years of Mayor Michael Bilandic."

When election day came, sunny and warm, voters turned out in huge numbers, especially black voters, a group that had always soundly backed Daley, and voted for June Byrne. There were headlines all over the country.

The following day, Roiko answered with a column that has proved to be one of his most acclaimed. It was an uncharacteristically emotional just on the behalf for the people of the city.

"You did it. YOU there on the L train or bus or your punch press, or in your fishhouse, or frequent cafeteria... behind the counter at the department store. Maybe that was when you said to yourself: 'All right, you know, this time I'm going to get even.' That's as you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and you're you're, today I find prefer to be a Chicagoan than I ever have in my life."

He worked on that column all night, something he seldom does anymore, something he used to do frequently. Say what you will about Mike Roiko, the man works like a maniac. Working a daily column is the most demanding, grueling job on an newspaper. It requires a constant supply of new, creative material.

That he has been doing it for fifteen years is, to his readers, his editors, and his co-workers, evidence his quality is immensely consistent, his range unlimited, and his humor undimmed.

Much of the latter comes from the street and from his upbringing on Astor Avenue. Take a ride with him over to the old neighborhood, the crumbling Polish, now Latino, neighborhood on Chicago's Northwest Side, or into the old vital Ukrainian Jewish neighborhood and you'll see places like Mike's Blue Eye Café—"God, it was a great place. Several floors with all fine liquor, the staff didn't you'd think would attract a crazy crowd. But the clientele up there was all Polish bachelors." Or places like the storefront that once housed his father's tavern and dry cleaning store.

The name Roiko is found in several Eastern European countries, including Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Mike Roiko Sr. was born in Delfin, just inside Russia in the Ukraine. He came to Chicago when he was six years old and couldn't read or write English until he learned it from his daughter's elementary school lessons. A sturdy, compact man, Mike Sr. became a milkman, a cabdriver, and finally owned a station, The Mike Roiko Lounge, in 1967 because he had distributor: gave him some blue paper to put on the ceiling.

After two daughters, he had two sons, Bob and Mike Jr. Their baby sister was Grandma Bebe, Mrs. Roiko's father, a man who came to this country after a career as a cavalry officer in Philip Granger Bebe's was a great driver and took Mike Jr. with him to all the bars on Division Street, where he would talk words to the middle old war stories and occasionally make Mike Jr. didn't tell off a barman.

"There is my boyhood friend, Stan Grobick. [Grobick is Roiko's most enduring column character and most beloved, his alter ego.] His parents, who had with them all their social contacts, most of which were in the Happy Eateries Tavern on Astor Avenue, which was owned by Stan's uncle, Bear Billy Frank Grobick. They would sit him on the bar or the greasy kitchen and he was the most contented child you ever saw, chewing on a hard-boiled egg and watching it down with a my humble bit of beer... whenever my friend Stan Grobick and I would lounge him on his knees and give him good words, such as hearing, picked up the top, pepperoni and beer from his time he was 1, the only way Mike Grobick could persuade him to drink milk was to put it in a glass and say 'Here's a secret, little Stan.'"

Though Grandma Bebe's got stained to death in a saloon—"Probably a good way for him to go killed in saloon"—Mike continued to thrive at saloons as a child, either his father's Blue Sky Lounge or his mother's Hawthorn Paradise, a place she opened after divorcing his father and so named because it had a special palm tree in the window. Mike absorbed back and forth between parents, spent a lot of time in the saloons in the way, and developed a personality that lagged somewhat near the want of Roiko's Stan's Lounge and Alvin's Frankie Machine.

"Before he was 6, he could beat blackjack, headlock the local tracks, say a top of beer, and tell 75 former's daughter jokes. He was the only kid who showed up for the visit of kindergarten carrying loaded shorts, a scratch shirt, and a bottle of 90 proof maltolysis for the teacher."

That led him to a short stay in a South Side, Chicago military academy, then back to the neighborhood, where he hung out with a gang at Kedzie and North Avenue, sat pass at the North Avenue Bowl, had brief stints with two more high schools, and was finally recruited to the University of Illinois. He was dead and Angie Rosencranz, his future appeared to be almost entirely behind him.

He enlisted in the Air Force and went to Korea as a radio operator. Later, he applied for the editor's job on the base paper and, like any neighborhood kid would, tried to get the job by saying he'd worked for the Chicago Daily News. He spent that weekend in a library reading everything he could get his hands on about newspapers.

He was not just bitten by the bug, he was devoted by it. ("What paper? You could write 500 words and get people all over the place. It was more than that. It was more than that. It was the best's top job with paper, who had had no education beyond what he could pick at a tournament. The article led to transfer for and disciplinary action against a number of officers, the first of many fines, demotions, and reprimands on the basis of a man's his pen. Little did the United States Air Force know that it had created a monster.

By then he was married to Carol Dukowski, a girl who lived just down the street on Francis Place in his old neighborhood ("We were pals, but I always hated after her. Except she was taller than I was and I was always stuck with her friend, Donna Leffrock. Had I not grown up, I'd be married today to Donna Leffrock.")

One of the scraps he got a job with the *Examiner* Newspaper, a small group of neighborhood weeklies in Chicago, wrote articles



Goetz in his office at the Sun-Times. He wrote five columns a week, starting at about 6:30 P.M. each day and finishing about 9 P.M.

about cups and toasters with serrated blades, then went to the City News Bureau. From there he was hired by the prestigious Chicago Daily News. For real this time.

I asked a friend of mine, who is an expert in such defense matters: how much a word could cost in an expert ERA that would make a colleague of Elton Tyburner going to other states selling them how good ERA is for real this time.

I rubbed his hands as he said "Give me \$100,000 in spend and jewelry and diamonds and I would not only pay ERA but we would have a colleague of Elton Tyburner going to other states selling them how good ERA is for real this time."

The last third page of the Chicago Daily News is branded and hangs on the office wall. It is the only memento in a cluttered editor's office overlooking the Chicago River in the city room of Field newspaper's Chicago Sun-Times. The Sun-Times was shut down by Field in March 1976, and it was one of the saddest things that ever happened to Mike Royle. There is no way to express how long for a paper that took him in on the basis of his writing, not his famed education, and made him a part of a partly famous journalistic tradition.

Regardless of what the Daily News was when it folded, it had been an impressive newspaper for 180 years, with Pulitzer prizes and personalities and fine writing. The Royle's estimated the tradition as a gift to go to many years' work on him and then he was asked to write a farewell essay on that last from page word's other.

What followed was "The toughest year of my life." Part of it involved the unfair, often nasty dismantling by Field's management of the Daily News and Sun-Times staffs and the creation of a cigarette staff. Instead of making the talent and resources, each staff was dismantled. Good and bad people were fired or resigned, morale shattered, and the Sun-Times today still flourishes.

Royle found himself deeply affected, not just of his new Sun-Times readers were those of the Daily News, seeing that even though his new office was not a beautiful yard from his old one,

something of what he had with the Daily News was slowly missing.

Added to that were concerns at home. His wife's parents, who are very close to the family, are unable and in need of much care, and one of his two sons was going through personal problems. It made for a higher concentration of Paul Mills, which he keeps in various in the top drawer of his filing cabinet, too much bed coffee from vending machines (now he's on Orelia and tea), and a certain amount of drinking.

Royle mostly drinks ginger ale now, but at one time he could turn them back. He does most of his drinking in Billy Goetz's, a small convenience store located behind McGraw-Hill Avenue on Lower Wacker Drive. It is a no-nonsense bar like the neighborhood type his father once owned and operated by Ben Weiss, a friend who could fit easily into John Belushi's Saturday Night Live slot about the Greek drink. "Gimmeberger, gimmeberger, gimmeberger," Poppy! Speaking of Belushi, Royle knows him, when he was a lot little bit running around under his father's barkeep name in Chicago's League Square neighborhood. Royle not only ate at Adam Belushi's place but went to parties with the family, which is Althea and according to Royle, "a little wacky."

After a few years on the city-county building boom—where Royle found his knowledge of Chicago politics—he was given a column by the late Larry Fanning. There was really little reason to give him one, other than that Royle wanted a stab at it and he was considering an offer from Chicago's American, the News's competitor. His first column was a slap at how much it costs the city to lose wages for its payroll to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. It created what he remembers in "a big splash."

Fanning and the News asked for a year and finally in Royle wrote two columns a week in September of 1983. He went to five columns a week on January 1, 1984.

He did it alone, except for four pure straight and began building a reputation. There were about five in 1986, and other columns in time began to take notice. "Do-what-Royle?" became a common Chicago colloquy.

He was angry about the way the media reported his tavern fight: "I wouldn't have cared if they'd headlined my taking on six guys, but they made me out a weirdo throwing ketchup at a woman."

He was also giving away getting it out. He spent every waking hour at the paper, then interrupted the pressure to boost it Billy Goetz's. His wife, according to close friends, became a widow in the column. The drinking didn't do anything for his off-hours reputation, and Royle became widely known as a nasty drunk. Nobody really believed him for it, but when the chairs started flying, people got out of his way.

Most of his barroom fights went unrecorded until a few years ago. After meeting with his former softball team to give the coming season, Royle found himself in a bar on Lincoln Avenue, a stretch of hip gay places and a place he seldom goes. He was very drunk, his buddies had all gone home, and he was soon stumbling around with a half-dozen members of a nearby theater company.

Since it was tax to do, Royle grabbed a ketchup bottle for a weapon. The bottle top came off, however, and ketchup spilled over the coat of a woman in the group. In a matter of minutes, even though five punches were thrown, Royle was arrested, thrown into a paddy wagon, and charged with assault in the Chicago Avenue District. He called Susan of Billy Goetz's to tell him out, and he went home. The next morning he woke to hear it reported as the crime of the century over television and radio.

Royle was incredulous—"It violated every rule of a tavern fight, the first of which is no blood, no eyes, no way down your face. He felt like embarrassed the paper and ruined his credibility. So he resigned."

"I was certain about it: I was determined to get up and find a job somewhere where it isn't such a crime to go in a fight." He was also angry about the way the media, his own kind, reported it. "They made it out of my head the ketchup, and it drove me up the wall. I wouldn't have said if they'd headlined it 'Royle Gets Arrested Taking on Six Guys,' but they made me out as some kind of a weirdo throwing ketchup at a woman."

He was serious about quitting. "I fought what a great way to lose. I was in disgrace. I quit, several friends, and his editor urged him to quit it. He was a good guy, a fine guy, his resignation would only give his enemies pleasure."

He did risk it out, went to court and paid a fine for disorderly conduct, replaced the woman's coat, the whole thing costing him about \$1,000.

He is still maddened by the incident and the way it was handled by the media. He thinks the theater company, in an effort to get publicity, blew the matter up once they realized who he was.

"I did get drunk. I did offer to fight these guys. Lesser things happen at the Goetz's every Friday night. What things happened in my old man's saloon every Saturday night?"

Chicago is the center of southern-style softball, a game played with a ball the size of a cantaloupe that is pitched with a left and left with a right. Teams with names such as "Stellas" and "Strikers," sponsored by saloons and politicians and tied to the city, are treated with belligerence with college and semipro leagues. No one outside of Chicago has ever met the world championship.

Royle pitches for the Sun-Times team in position next to status but for the sake of fun, plays two to three games a week during the season, and takes the game as seriously as his column. Some say even so. He plays New-Times was once a contender for the Little League championship—and Royle's own brother has been in two places and spent his whole playing for it—once though the league was scheduled for 9:00 A.M. Sunday. One player used to complain that there was no more deserving fight than to see Royle show up with his legs coated with Mafias.

Royle will tell you that his passion for softball involves the fun

and the camaraderie of his teammates. His teammates say he is fairly competitive and that there is "no border line."

Softball is also a family tradition, for when he was a kid, his neighborhood was ruled by the Northwest Wildcats, a big-league team that drew huge crowds to its games on a vacant lot along Campbell Street. He still speaks reverently of the Wildcats. Perhaps there was no bigger day in his life than when he was asked to pitch for the summer world softball championships, the ERV Strikers (after Edward R. Vitolinsky, a powerful and strict machine salesman). Royle pitched, then wore the Strikers' uniform home to his summer place in Wisconsin. On his way, he stopped at a roadside diner and suddenly talking softly with his hands. It happened there had a big moment in his life and knew the Chicago season pretty well. Someone asked him when he played his Royle stepped back, scratched his pocket, and revealed the shirt of the renowned Strikers. A lunch discussion over the season. "I know exactly how Mickey March felt," he said.

He is friends with he is happy and most at home in a saloon with a bunch of softball players, and they are probably right. He spends a lot of time circulating in the city room, using arguments and talk to fuel his column issues. He also loves to sit in a beer-drinking bar with a few friends—John Schickelstein, a Sun-Times equipment man; Kenneth, Larry Green, a former Daily News reporter, and his current legman, Terry Schaeffer.

The day leaves him little room for other passions, and he hasn't many. He reads some medicine, his bookshelf in his office is a bookshelf of nothing special. He watches a little television, especially western series. He is a devoted Reds fan and a little Cubs fan. He enjoys cooking, good food and has a taste for good wines and liquors.

His only hidden love is the opera, something he doesn't write or talk about much and that he guards as a shield from a friend. He attends often, closely studying the libretto. He once suggested to Schaeffer that he should consider it a career move to get on the board of that would have the lyrics in English above the program. The suggestion was waived. He likes "the fat boy, Luciano Pavarotti."

Part of the \$100,000 for ERA would also go for a few days trip. He'd like some investigations in somewhere like Sweden, to show how much people there there. And maybe Hawaii, which for ERA to show them how long for it makes people happy and content.

He goes to the Sun-Times from his home in the Edgewater neighborhood on Chicago's Northwest Side at 9:00 A.M. He usually wears a plain suit but wears in his shirt sleeves or a turtleneck. He is neither a fashionable dresser nor a sissy one. He has big feet and wears heavy rubber-bottom boots.

He meets first with his secretary, Adrienne Dembo, and then with Terry Schaeffer, to see what's going on.

Schaeffer is thirty-eight, a former reporter who was Royle's legman several years ago and who took the job again after the Sun-Times folded. Most of Royle's legmen have been young reporters just out of school or at the City News Bureau. He hires them—"It is the worst part of my job"—and depends on their stamina and their zeal to first ask and surely lose. "The average guy is thirty-one, thirty-two, and then you go to general reporting. Although Royle is tough on a work force—person who seldom goes complacent, is possibly disgruntled, and only occasionally gives direct assignments—he is generous to him and consider their time spent with him to be a primer in city journalism."



Rayko with former advisers Loui Degey (left) and Dr. Eric Oldberg. Rayko wears Boss-aholic Oldberg's friend the late Mayor Daley.

"I was at a state of constant uncertainty when I worked for him," says Billie Warren, now of the Star-Tribune's Washington bureau. "But those Boston months were the most important thing I've done to far in my career. That and covering the civil war in Lebanon."

With a screaming deadline, they are always working on the next day's column. Each column is done consecutively, without a pause or a bit of easy time to relax, as one something doesn't go out, Rayko has no idea what that, and his column reflects what's going on day by day.

By 3:00 or 4:00 p.m., he starts writing new pieces together on the computerized video screen instead of on a typewriter. He does not write quickly at all, but he doesn't suffer either. One in 100 is done in one draft. The content often is a chronicle of people getting the shaft, but Rayko has the creative Stan Gribok reputation.

By 7:00 or 8:00 p.m., he is finished. He used to sit and wait, waiting long into the early morning hours. His off-the-line deadline is 10:30 a.m. Now he can self-approved deadline, he has become a remarkably confident writer. Still, his late video screen replaced typewriter last year, but after years would be liked with copy people covered with false starts and unexplained delays.

The column does so many things and goes as far as many dimensions that it is difficult to categorize. Rayko is not a political writer, although he writes scintillating political columns. He is not an Art Buchwald-type columnist, yet he can spit off the funniest lines anywhere. He is not a social commentator, a la George Will, even though he's written memorable columns on everything from King Tet to Oliver Pinsky.

His column has come suffered an identity crisis. From the start he knew he was going to write for real, not for a magazine, but he was not a columnist and when he first wrote.

He is delighted to hear, for example, of an outbreak of bird flu in the suburbs. It brings horror to suburban mothers, but to Rayko it is simply a matter of "context." When I was growing

up, this was not something to get excited about. The only drawback to using Listerine before was that it meant an embarrassing trip to the drugstore to buy it. The drugstore would always wonder and say, "Get the cotton balls, but first!" And the other customers would take a step back. At first [Stan Gribok's father] had driving a small house upon about the size of a quarter, on top of Stan's head. My Gribok would wait, sitting at the back seat, until a car would arrive. Then he would be in a wooden stool, but he finally abandoned that system because he found that if he kept having Stan on the head that way, they would grow up to be a Republican."

He writes on the column to politicians. He prefers either to let people tell their own stories and let their own ideas, he does not discuss weighty problems in the abstract nor does he discuss

And he seldom passes anybody, even those who deserve it. It is easier to be funny, more available, and more effective when you are reviewing someone instead of puffing for them. And Rayko knows it.

"I don't prove too often and people. I thought I ought not giving Dick Gephardt (a former Republican governor of Illinois who was defeated largely because he moved the state income tax more right and left) that the best column I did on him came one day after he was beaten."

"I guess one of the reasons is that I've been burned often enough by guys. I thought were good guys. I recently elected a South Side alderman one year, did a freelance job of exposing his back appointment, and the good guy ended up stealing \$100,000 in federal funds."

"I'm more fun writing people. Oh, yeah! Jesus, when you work on a news with so many leaders as Chicago, it would be silly not to take advantage of it."

Chicago's city aldermen regularly take it in the courts—his former advisers are sued, Gribok and Pich—and he usually refers to politicians as faces, griffins, scorpions, heifers, toasters, and vultures.

He calls Jane Byrne, Chicago's new mayor, "Miss Bossy." If there is a single undercurrent in his work, it is resignation: Life is hard, work is hard, the city is tough. So what else can you expect?

Yet he's never been sued by any of them. The only two suits filed against him were brought by a Chicago towing firm operator, and one of those was on behalf of the operator's German shepherd, which Rayko had called vicious.

"The people I call names and create are liars and crooks," he says, and his face beams with the Chicago grin of a bad poker player.

That is what the ERA supporters could get for \$100,000 if they had even the sense of a word checker, which most of them probably think is somebody else's regular chore.

If there is a single undercurrent in his writing, it is sometimes to the effect of "What Do You Expect?" Life is hard, work is hard, the city is tough, so what do you expect? Reading his every morning is, in many respects, a job of optimism, a reassuring view that says things are tough all over and if you don't stress someone and fight, you'll cope so much better.

He writes a letter to a Good Teenager telling him he's sick of getting letters saying that not all teenagers are bad. So what? he replies. "I'm a Good Adult. You don't punish poor teacher. I don't punish my boss. So you get a good education and I keep my job. I can't remember the last time a Good Teenager came in on the street, shook my hand, and said 'Gee, Good Adult, thanks for not being a Bad Adult.'"

Now everybody knows him. The Chicago Tribune took it current in 1991. Rayko was stopping the social scales of his book, *Don't*, in the time, and his contract with the Daily News was up. Rayko was picked up by a lieutenant in the domain of West Wacker Drive and driven to a suburban restaurant to negotiate with the Tribune officials.

He was tempted to go to the Tribune but he didn't do it. "It came as close as having the contract in front of me and the pen in my hand and I said, 'I can't do it.' I couldn't sign myself working for the Tribune. All my life the ball on the back of my neck stood as solid when I read the Tribune."

"They and I was crazy. I told them they were right. But I still couldn't do it."

He returned to the Daily News and told them what the Tribune had offered, asked for more—a contract reported to be \$250,000 for five years—and got it, plus stipulations that First would pay more staff and more promotional money into the paper.

"I'm glad I did," he said. "The front office here was getting Mookie and I felt good about it. I'd done a lot, and I never shook them down. To this day I never asked for as much as I think I could get."

His contract now is believed to be closer to the six-figure mark annually, even though he is not syndicated. Syndicates, he feels, would rob him of the freedom to write about the Chicago issues he loves. He might be pushed to write on the city, on SAT, II, or national topics. He is a national columnist. He paid over 150 major cities, except New York, and the subscribers pick him up as they choose.

Two years ago, he was close to taking an offer to go to Washington. Both the Star and the Post wanted him, and while he was drawn emotionally to the Star, he was leaning toward the press of the Post.

"But a lot of other things came up. My wife didn't really want to move, and my kids didn't want to go. My wife's passion would have led me to move and I didn't want to do that to them. So I considered all that and said, 'No.'"

It is often said that Rayko would be lost outside Chicago. That makes him better almost as much as making an old copy of the Tribune.

"That's just crap. My political musings are as good as any-

body's. It would take a little time to do my homework to Washington because I'd get out and do it myself. But there are just as many crooks and heifers there as here, and I'd love to write about them. I was the first guy to call Aileen after she was sentenced. I got onto Carter before most anyone else. I know Nixon was a crook. So I don't buy it."

He is the resident when someone says he can only write about Richard Daley. While his book on Daley is evidence that he writes about him better than anybody else, a look at his columns in the Daley years reveals that he often writes far more without writing about the man. In the two and a half years since Daley's death, Rayko has not been without material. (An apocryphal account just before the last staged election, however, involved a speech with "Razcoast" conducted through madman "Luffy Mal-don, a retired alderman." "We cheered, 'Roo, Roo, Roo.'") And the inevitable story boomed out of [Luffy's] mouth. 'What's cool' me! I'm the end middle of a meeting of old Regular Chicago's Anglo Organization." "Then the Daley as the city went on to discuss both candidates and call for his own, because even in his condition he was 'in better shape than [the present mayor] is.")

And if [the ERA people] wanted to know the whole \$100,000, which they are going to do anyway? I've found the expert looking down to be said. "I've found \$100,000 or would not only pay ERA by a landslide, but they would probably get them a highway."

The last still makes it to the street corner now and again. He is growing, and he has a gut that makes it a little tough to beat out and push people. He has a recognized name by more people than the beat cops. But he has the same old-time grin and bear laugh of his early years. He can still look a job of spit between his teeth.

Over at Marty's corner restaurant on Madison and California, he sits at a stool and orders a dozen pepper, no plum, to check him. He sits across from the bar, and he sits across from the bar, who wears a sweater and a floppy brown-leather apron, comes over and says hello. Ray has a few fifty-cent coffee cakes in his shirt pocket, and he tells the kid a few and talks about the neighborhood.

It is a small room, and Rayko just bought a house in the suburbs. He wraps up a package of peanut-butter, posole, and preserved chicken for the bar for the bar to eat.

It's a nice day, and the kid will drive by Salomon Chase Elementary School, where he used to go, past to his father's old tavern and his father-in-law's old house. He'll run down Campbell, where the Northwest Widows used to play. Down Cherry Street is where the Tibbels Widows lived, and they were the women's club.

But soon it's time for the kid to get back downtown, where he speaks most of his day now and where people admire him. They come in and read everything he writes and push to cut elbows with him. He loves to tell them how foolish they are, and they love to hear it.

A little later in the day he reads in a newspaper a quote by a paragraph New York magazine publisher who's said that during the newspaper strike in New York City last year, he was forced to read out-of-town newspapers and realized what the rest of the country has to put up with.

The kid grins and runs off to a letter to the publisher, whom he has met, and in a few lines suggests that the quote made him "sound like an arrogant New York asshole, which," the kid continues, "I know you're not."

Then he sits back and smiles. Later, the publisher will end and laugh out loud. And the kid will keep smiling and occasionally spit his lip over to slapping to make him.



Double Up The umbrella, as we know it, was copyrighted in its original design—meant to keep one person dry. Now two people can find shelter from the rain together under a double umbrella on two stems joined by a single handle. Made of lightweight nylon, it opens to a generous span of 89½ inches at the peak of a button. Available in beige or black at Stamford House, PO Box 285, 277 Perry Boulevard, Stamford, Connecticut 06907, for \$24 (plus \$1.85 for postage and handling).

Leisure Time, French Style A major collection of French enamel clocks with rich, ornate cases, some round and others rectangular, comes in six different models including the pictured below—each less than \$100, including shipping. Not shown are more round versions, from \$100 to \$150. A sample set of all six items is \$350 plus \$4.75 for overnight handling from Maison A. Jax, 153 East 74th Street in the Group District, New York, New York 10022.



Double Vision Lyndee Johnson, with his knack for keeping us eye on all those television networks at once, would have loved the Sharp dual-screen television. Superimposed on a seven-inch color screen is a four-inch black-and-white screen. The small picture can be shown in the upper- or lower-right portion of the color screen or, if you wish, eliminated altogether. When something looks acute occurring on the tiny screen, the picture can be switched, the superimposed picture becoming the main color picture and vice versa. The set will be available in mid-May and sell for about \$1,000 at Bulfinch, Atlanta and Abrarsons and Sorens, New York.



Air Time Carter has just introduced its newest status symbol. Louis Carter reportedly designed the first watchback in 1968 as a present for his friend and pioneer aviator Alberto Santos-Dumont, who couldn't fumble with a pocket watch while navigating his balloon. Carter's new Swiss watch collection is based on that original design. The watches range in price from \$850 for all steel to \$6,000 for all 18k gold. Shown below is a men's steel-and-gold version that retails for \$1,250 at Carter stores in New York, Palm Beach, and Houston and at Les Mues de Carter boutiques.



Hot Shot One inevitable assumption about Nikon cameras is that they are very expensive. The new Nikon EM subcompact 35mm single-lens reflex camera is less costly than previous models yet incorporates Nikon's small reliable features and includes automatic electronic exposure control. New, compact Series E lenses were created to use with the EM, although the camera will accept the standard Nikon lenses. The EM sells for \$339 with a Series E 50mm f/1.8 lens at camera shops and department stores throughout the country.



Venerable Blades A family that has been in the business of making razors since 1760 knows about quality. The Mign Razors family first perfected its steelmaking process for the sword and then applied the technique to handcrafting kitchen knives. Used by the finest Japanese chefs, the blades are hand tempered of high-carbon steel and set into Occidentian corundum handles. The set of five knives comes in a spruce case. Available at Manhattan Mid Hic Homeowners, New York, and Williams-Sonoma, San Francisco, for \$150 (plus \$3 for postage and handling).



Sound Investments With decorative electronic components peeping up in all the audio stores this spring, innovative loudspeakers are bound to be more popular than ever. The Bowers C40 bookshelf speakers (44½ by 12½ by 7½ inches) will please those who like unobtrusive hi-fi equipment that doesn't compromise on sound. They are designed by Bang & Olufsen and are \$275 a pair at audio specialty shops across the country. You can call this toll-free number, (800) 323-5575, to locate a store in your area.



REVENGE

A NOVELLA BY JIM HARRISON

Jim Harrison first astonished *Esquire* readers this past January with his masterful novella *Legends of the Fall*. Now, with *Revenge*, he conjures up the hot Mexican desert for another compelling tale—this time, a tale of love and betrayal, the story of a man who has been stripped of everything but his desire for revenge.

The could not tell if you were a bird descending (and there was a bird descending, a vulture) if the naked man was dead or alive. The man didn't know himself and the bird was tentative when he reached the ground and made a circling sideward approach, advance and "backing off" down the chaparral in the arroyo as if expecting company from the coyotes. Carcass was showed not by the sterner's design but by a pattern set before anyone knew these were patterns. The vulture had just eaten a minkie rat over by a truck outside of Mission de Gloria, a little town well off the tourist run about a hundred miles from Nogales. The coyotes would follow the vulture's desert call of vacancy whether or not they were hungry from the night's hunt. At the morning (there was daylight), more vultures would arrive until the man's dying would have no audience.

As the dove descended into darkness and the bird died and oiled the blood on the man's face, the blood lost most of its fresh coppery odor. The man was dying fitfully now, more from the heat and dehydration than from his injuries as two twisted snakes, short a massive blue bronze, a gnatcatcher and one chachalaca crashed in, with a keowee rising like a purple rose, his tentacles reflected from a gnatcatcher. And a head wound that darkened the sand and pebbles and drew him down into his last final sleep of coma. Still he kept breathing and the hot air whirled over a broken tooth and when the silence was especially loud the vultures were disturbed. A female coyote and her recently weaned pups stopped only for a moment. A very large, old male coyote watched from the shadow of a boulder. He watched, then dozed, even in sleep owning an alertness unknown to us. His body was full of phobias and watching this dying man was simply the most interesting thing to happen his way in a long time. It had been a long night for him, having been alone by when the naked man had been thrown from the car the night before.

In the first comparative coolness of the evening a peon and his daughter walked along the road making short stops into the brush for a strip piece of mesquite firewood. Further the man walked doggedly under his light load of wood and the daughter peered, hopping from one foot to another, running, then waiting for her father. She was his only child and he wouldn't let her pick up firewood for fear she would be bitten by a scorpion, or a cent, a small snake that unlike the rattlesnake gave no warning. The

The man was dying fitfully now, and a head wound that darkened the sand and pebbles drew him down into his last final sleep of coma.

Thompson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN THOMPSON

and she became frantic asking him not to touch her. He stood there a half hour, as if he's suddenly seeing it for the first time. He had never looked upon so profound a beauty. A body he'd finally found and found he knew she was just as sexy. He told her in a rush that he would take her tonight and he had it all planned and they would run away to Seattle which was his favorite city on earth and no one would find them there. But she said that if he remained a virgin, she would never see him again. She was totally cold to him that night. Neither of them knew where they lived or if her car that "servant" watched leaning against a palm tree a hundred yards away.

The real warning came when Cochran happily confessed his affair over drinks with his double partner, who immediately turned white. His partner was his only friend and confidant in Tucson and a pilot for Aeromexico. And he said you shouldn't, you feel why do you think they called them and he didn't know and was shocked at the reaction and his partner said they'd all chosen to share their lives with a cock. Out of all their partners and never come back. That talk in her head had killed you if you don't go. You'll be buried deep in the desert. His friend poured them both a huge drink and said he had connections and could secure a fake passport for security and leaders could give him money if he needed it.

It was an ugly, frightening evening. He mentioned it to Myres and she laughed her high trilling laugh and said don't be silly he won't kill you he'll kill me and refused to speak of it again. That was only a few days before. Now after the two men, they would have three full days together because they were in Arizona. The one was that she was going to visit her sister who was the wife of a U.S. Ambassador in New York. The other two would take her to the airport after the treatment and Cochran would pick her up there, then off to Douglas, a border town some from Agan Pross, then to the cabin.

All night would expect the same match which dropped miserably on a blinding afternoon. He couldn't see Myres in the crowd and after what was the first set by the army of his partner, they lost the second 2-4 and got off to a bad start in the third. His partner glowered at him and his legs felt leaden. He yelled at a woman in the crowd who stood up during his serve. Then Myres came in and the world stood by him and he remembered how happy he was supposed to be and finished the third set miserably. When he was shown out, they're charged with the locker room and finally landed him as envelope answering that before they wanted to make him a present. After touching off, he opened the envelope and found a one-way first-class ticket to Paris and said. Myres and several thousand dollars in one hundred-dollar bills with a note saying I know you would say days ago my friend. He mentioned the ticket several times, thinking the entire night has been left out by mistake. He decided not to mention it to Myres. Why ruin the weekend, he thought, trying to calm the painful discomfort he felt deep in his stomach.

On the way to the airport he stopped to pick up Dell and his bag in the apartment. He had a quick glow of wine to try to dispel the butterflies that came in international airports. He laughed at himself, thinking of all these years, later, when at Meek 2, breaking and turning high above Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, occasionally peering his pants while creating a rocket. Or even getting over the jet off fighter when the electrical fire started in the cockpit, the flames, or three men on an eight carter luggage. One of his closest friends had taken a U.S. Coast Guard Key West after surviving a brutalized assault over Southeast Asia. He needed to regain calm life as a warrior being and this new danger suddenly engulfed and excited him.

All the breath of life and the excitement of a partner on his back so deep in eye on the car and went directly to the VIP lounge where Myres sat sipping a drink, luxuriatingly looking and cool. He felt a Stollchman mirror and the told him she went as far as her

disappointment as to check a bag through to New York, full of gifts clothes to her sister. The two attracted for more attention than they wanted. He was especially turned and fit, looking a half-dozen years younger than his forty-one. If you didn't look closely around the city, dressed casually but elegantly, with a Rolex at his wrist. And she would be the vortex of attention anywhere.

She was born in Mexico City with a Guatemalan-Belgian background and educated in Louisiana and Paris. She had spent much of her young life—she was twenty-seven—in being cold, neutral, unafraid, under what she called a passion and a small knowledgeable young woman. She was a little shorter than he was, about five feet eight, and owned an almost alarming grace so that when she did something so simple as to sit down in a beautiful lounge, light a cigarette, and look at a magazine, many eyes were on her. Even now a thickset older man with a well-lined forehead walked nervously from behind the pages of *Forbes*. He was a lieutenant of They's out of Mexico City that she did not recognize. When they left he casually followed, making a CB call and passing away from them at the first freeway exit ramp.

In the car she was happy and in a girlish mood, singing from some Guatemalan folk songs he liked. Outside the city limits the took her bag from the back seat and changed her formal blouses into a pair for a light summer dress. He said he couldn't bear to see her sitting there at twenty miles an hour in her underwear and she said she didn't care to see what you see to hear it so he drove off a desert two-track-out road and they made love in the late afternoon heat over the hood of the car. Some 400 yards away on a road a man watched them with Zees then binoculars. He looked against an enormous pickup and sighed to himself as Myres's legs moved left, checked at the man. He took a True Equine from a cooler on the seat, looking as if even as he felt her that swayed and distorted the view through the binoculars.

Back in the car Myres and she felt like a wonderful world that with her smoking and her dim light her sisterly to her brother. And how great it was to go for a ride in a car and how he had been years since the last drive anything but fly. He had begun to wonder passionately about the pickup a quarter mile back, thinking he had noticed it before they stopped. But the pickup had turned off on Avenue and he left off everything until they passed through Tempe.

They were in Douglas by seven, brought some supplies, and drove over the border into Agan Pross, where he brought her a picnic from a restaurant and they had a dinner of shrimp soup and smoked salmon, a young bunch of goat that the cook dressed with oil and garlic and fresh thyme. Cochran loved Mexican food and asked her about Dorogov, They's hometown in the Sierra Madre. She said Dorogov was a legendary village, a weaving and dining center that went unmentioned in the tourist books, and that was why she liked it so much. They had a picnic there and he had been excited for the shooting in a few months. Myres said it looked like Montana or parts of California or Canada and that she was a lot of fun and wild party on the beach where she kept her horses.

They started the car in the dark of the night, carefully moving up the mountain two tracks. Twice he stopped and left the car to remove their wetted down in fresh clothes from the arrays.

When they got to the cabin he could tell immediately that she liked it. Doll went back, smiling widely after her brother's good-bye but wary, as she was trained, of the scorpion and rattlesnake. He unlocked the car and started a fire in the sand fireplace in the last light. He watched the double sleeping bag on the bed as she started at the fire, burning in a brief shower bath on the roof. The dry wood started flames of perfume and the temperature in the house rose under the sun and the sleeping bag in the house. He turned the kitchen lamp down low and thought of the morning walk he would take her on to where a small mountain

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February 1978

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Life in a Co-ed Animal House

by James Lusk



Body Image: The Pencil Box by Peter Alexander
Best Friend: Steve Burke; Joe in Kingston, Jamaica
Suburban: Working Man's Trip Around the World

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by James Lusk
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The director intends to finish *Breaker*, but the program remains the same—exploration, adventure and pilage.

A Day at the Doglights
by Mary Gross
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Victor's famous would be there in the dome of Italy—of there were such a space. Lusk's has got into a spot of trouble with a gun.

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It's a pleasure.

crack made a clear green pool in the rock. They made low slowly and he maneuvered as the flickering light of the fire lit the men moving shadows up and down his body. They were mutinying again and he moved a large log away from the fire so the room seemed dense and confused. He waited for a while and he saw a man, another drink, trying to remember when he felt so full and at the same time so alive and tenderly released.

How we must back away from the lovers and let them rest but only for the shortest of moments. Let us pinch on the line instead, an impossible one-eyed profile, for it is best to have more eyes for what we are going to see. The room is turning cool and the lovers hug themselves for warmth, their faces, still in sleep, to each other. The light of the lamp is low and the shadow of the line has become cold and weak. Outside the wind has picked up and blows under the eaves like the howling of a warlock. It is restless by the door and grows and whisks, then backs frantically as the door bursts open. The room is flame-blue as a shogun slants the life from the dog. There was risk into the other, one of them propping high. They pause upon the floor and Cochran knows as the wind is rushed from him and he is caught in a choke hold by the huge man who is shouting in Spanish. Myra is caught by her arms and the form, held tightly by the man we saw watching with the binoculars. They shake back, then turn up the oil lamp. He moves the lovers with a prick of water from the table. His eyes look even wider open than usual and his mouth hangs open, though he is wordless. The huge man holds Cochran close so that he may watch as they move a mirror from his pocket and delicately turn an action across Myra's face, the jewel's ancient revenge for a wounded girl. Lips may never be seen back up perfectly, especially when there is a tiny delay which there will be. They look. It is Cochran's turn. The big man begins leaning on him with long powerful punches, propping him up against the fireplace. Myra floats again, but they holding her by the ear forms the life of her eyes open with her other hand. As Cochran passes out, he thinks he sees her come off in their hand. They grope Cochran with a back, then reach his hands. The smaller man gives Myra an injection and they are loaded into the trunk of a limousine down the road. They are in the limousine looking deeply, trying not to look to himself that perhaps they are making love in the trunk. The big man and the smaller man keep themselves spreading kernels throughout the ride. They back Cochran's car up against the door. The smaller man throws a match in the other and as they walk down the road they are silhouetted by the burning ashes. It is a long drive to Dinwiddie and they are back drinking from a bottle of Scotch as they pour down the road toward the road. He was the explosion of the car slowly in the narrow mirror. About thirty miles down the road, still far from the main highway, they stop and pack a body into the trunk.

He always was slow to dreaming that you were on another plane only vaguely similar to our own, then waking in a state of vertigo to find that you were on the planet. It was in things as permanent as the sun, so that what he thought of as his own reality drifted further away from him every moment, dwindled until only an occasional picture floated from his mind—his daughter, the road in front of an Indian farm, his last day in the month in the room, he had systematically admitted and exhausted his memory as that when he was finally ready to leave the room he somehow did not recognize the world as the one he left behind. At first he thought the concussion in its severity had scrambled his brain, but he quickly lost interest in medical explanations. When the image arose he saw it again through the red-tinted fringe of the blood that had blurred his eyes, the dog lung across the room and high devil what seemed that still burned against his darkness and that he could recognize as clearly as putting a record

on a phonograph. He only remembered why his arm had given way in a sharp crack, the jaw and cheekbone and ribs aching.

After that long night he felt Diller know he was fully conscious and Diller began with Diller without trying to draw him out. Diller only asked if there was someone who should be notified, adding that he was out of danger, the arm and the ribs had set okay, but one side of his face was a mess and he should seek surgery back home, wherever that was. Then the doctor added that a capsule of the following would be coming by in a few days, but he said nothing. He had the concussion as an apology to the law.

Later a young man came in to bustle Cochran in an irritatingly familiar way. Antonio laughed and whirled to the door, saying that they never had a patient arrive so strangely nude, as if he had been born battered and flayed in the bushes. Cochran decided that Antonio was crazy enough to be a specialist.

When Antonio left, Cochran struggled out of bed and shuffled gingerly to the window. His chest ached and the cut on his left arm threw him off balance. He became dizzy as the window and held on tightly to the sill, focusing his eyes on his bare feet. He had what he saw behind the landscape. It was a green world, a huge vegetable garden with the rows raised between small tufts as far as the eye could see, some corn and cornish holding a percheron and three sorry-looking quail, horses, a few sheep, a large pair of pigs, and some milking goats. The oldest woman in the world stood behind a bush and stared through the window at him, not a foot away. He was utterly impossible and so was she, then she broke into a smile and he smiled back and she disappeared.

Back in bed he felt hungry and counted the larger needle wound in his right arm that told him he had been fed more slowly. He felt hollow as an Easter egg that had been emptied by a pigeon. He slept deeply but awake with a start when he dreamt of sitting in the sand laughing next to his car, looking up at a lovely nude woman whose mouth was bleeding horribly. He yelled then until his eyes bulged and came fully awake in the twilight room. Diller and Moore came running. Diller still chewing on some food and holding his bag.

He found himself saying, "I'm sorry I disturbed you. It was a dream." Diller approached him with a keychain and said, "The man is polite, Diller thought, and went back to his dinner." Moore stared at Cochran as he failed grope work clothes and dropping mousetraps and cyclists. "I found you and thought you were dead," he said, then poured. "I wish you safety from your enemies and vengeance of their what you wish."

Antonio carrying a tray passed Moore going out the door. The tray held a bowl of soup, a glass of goat's milk, and some corn tortillas. Cochran ate a few bites, then fell deeply asleep, tipping over the soup. Moore's daughter came to pick up the tray and cleaned up the mess, replacing the lost clothing. Cochran woke terrified, thinking he saw Myra as an adolescent.

Cochran sat on the porch for two weeks watching the brown dust of August rise in clouds around walking feet. The beard grew and at the end of the month Diller took dust and water and broke the cut on his arm, which looked black and pale. When the weather was deep, his ribs felt bare. He was polite and extremely distant. The following captain came and went, leaving a torrent card to him for want of anything else to do.

Early in September, Cochran began working hard on the garden. He closed the manure out of the sheds and rode the back of the percheron around the valley, a better must by far than the heavily broken horses that Moore rode. Moore liked Cochran, who even helped dig with the daughter of a man and two sheep, and a small girl which they resented when the father arrived again with a gentleman who was a friend of Cochran's.

It was the American pilot who laughed in relief when he saw him. Cochran and his friend sat in the dining room drinking coffee in strained silence. Antonio perched on to check out to

Outside the wind has picked up and blows under the eaves like the howling of a warlock. The door bursts open. The room is flame-blue. It is best to have more eyes for what we are going to see.



They poured upon the
leaves, Cochran knew at the
wind is created from him.
Myra is created by her
eyes and the flames.



tempting a woman. The visitor intended to wait out the vision of his friend.

"You don't like us you've been playing much tomorrow," he smiled, then was baffled by Cochran's look of incomprehension. He took another seat. "Is this dead?"

"I don't know. Maybe. I want to find out."

"No?" Probably did. The doctor said you almost did. Perhaps I understood what you want to do. But I wish you would come back to Tucson."

"Not for a while."

The pilot sighed and looked around the room in embarrassment. "Okay. You must work out that. But please accept some advice. You look like a prize now, a hippie prize. Stay that way and you will not be conspicuous. Take this money in case it is needed to lose the way." The pilot went on to say that his older brother was high in the government in Mexico City and could be trusted. That was how he had found Cochran. It would be best not to stay at the location longer as they might change his mind and could easily trace him there. The pilot added some of his own identification to the envelope of money and wrote down the name and number of his brother. Then he pulled up a pant leg and took his boot to fly off revealing a seal. "It is either Heredia in a half booter. He headed it to Cochran." This is for when someone gets as close as they have already been. If you live through this you must get your face fixed." His mood and they understood Cochran without him out to a leap, but his throat was cleared and he found nothing to say.

That afternoon he made up two envelopes containing \$500 in pesos each for Diller and Mauro, leaving a thousand for himself, the better value of a stuffed behind the pilot against his old Diller was someone and prepared a carrying of secondhand prize clothes, a Spanish Bible, and a bottle of pain pills. He slipped into the poor clothing which actually was left over from those who died. They looked about the fact and Cochran would be easily missed and prison would be said. He did not pay into Cochran's plans. In a booming voice he ordered up an elaborate meal in honor of his patient's recovery and departure and his own available appetite.

Before dinner Cochran and Mauro sat on the porch watching the evening shadows slide down the mountainside. It had been very difficult to get Mauro to accept the money which was an immense reason for him. Mauro gave him his pearl-handled knife, saying that it was a lucky knife, razor sharp, and perfect for cutting off the heads of those who had beaten him and left him for dead. Cochran said that if anyone came as much of them he should show a phone number in case of a certain danger in Mexico City. Mauro wanted to go along and it took Cochran a while to convince him that he could not.

As dinner Cochran came to sit with Mauro, his daughter, and mother and his strong sense of resentment over his new life which made the old seem a high-year away. But and made as a bad magazine article except for his daughter. He was wary to the point that when he wrote his daughter he decided no return address. Now he was in a table pressing with food with a dozen people chattering in Spanish, intermittently singing along to the radio which Diller directed to allow under the table. Cochran and Mauro passed plates of meat, the first shared for Cochran in two months. Diller ordered everyone to sing a song and there was an eerie reverie after Mauro's mother did a legitimate Indian chant in a language no one recognized. But after that, Antonio sang a huffish song and the old cancer patient did a powerful rendition of a song welcoming people, a spring in months away that everyone in the table knew he would sing. The old man nearly passed out from the effort and Mauro went him a glass of alcohol which revived him wonderfully. Mauro refused to sing and instead recited a version of "The Star-Spangled Banner" he had learned somewhere that turned out very comic. When it was Cochran's turn he stood and sang the Goddard-Baker folk song that Myra used to hum when he was a boy through the song he was overcome, tears came in his eyes and he rushed from the room.

It was fortunate for Cochran that he did not know, in the unique state of drunkenness that melted after, the precise condition of his beloved, the search for whom would begin at dawn. There is an impulse for vengeance among certain men, some of the best of the best known even. Cochran, going. They—Hermesillo—Mazda—were born in Cochran of prosperity impoverished guests. His mother was half Masacre Apache, a tribe not noted for humanity or mercy. By the time he was fourteen he was a full-sized man, quick of mind, probably arrogant, and a pimp at Mazamla. He made his money for a long time in the drug traffic in Cochran. Now he was only peripherally involved in the drug traffic in a megastore, but it had been the axis of his holdings in Mexico City real estate, secret hotels in Veracruz and Rio and Miranda, a trap, unfortunately, toward social position. One of his sons was a doctor and the other a lawyer. His first wife and his second were both dead. He was in the world. Myra was an explosive force, a woman driven for over a period of years, and finally an access to Mazamla social life that had been denied him. The socially respectable Myra had great fortune because respectable overnight, not an uncommon event anywhere in the world.

The betrayal by Cochran when they hoped had become a friend was a great blow to him. He even forgave the first few champagne meetings which Cochran and Myra had mainly assumed were secret. They knew and understood the vagaries of a woman's emotional life and Cochran was a thoroughly attractive character. He had made a valid warning to the main front of the American police, and there was a whole new set of champagne, the money and the ticket to Paris. How much warning did the fool need? The tips on her phone were outrageous but filled him with shame. He became desperate when he heard a tape of Myra's telling her name in New York State when the new and final goal of his life he risked her in her new in Seattle and perhaps he would. They broke down that and put the muscle of his full operation into following the lovers to their surprise in the cities. He hated to do it because he would be known in his own world as a cuckold and the world would spread to Cochran to Mazamla City and back to Tucson. That thought faded, his rage and reluctance, partly out of danger for his women. He would let no one know that he wouldn't let it off and that long he must accept everything to him. He would reach his loss and would accept and mitigate any group about his culpability. He made love to her the last time on the way down the left and then went to his own bedroom and wept. He didn't even send his single suitcase with their belongings, only the clothes of life and the way they happily shut down the government plans that came to try on their marijuana and puppy maps. They could catch the information, often intelligent and dignified, against, El Cochran, but it was necessary as the crime of culpability to your own resentment.

When the knowledge had left the total sense at the cabin, they tried to expose his own regret and horror until, four hours later and halfway to Durango, he was nearly incoherent. He had the chauffeur stop a little while later and in the bare dawn light he examined the motion Myra and dropped her shoulder. He was not sure of the matter. He had heard of the spread the story of his vengeance—the unnamed and named. "Oh my love where I wanted to hear you, you fit into where, you thinking love both, you want to have a lover, you shall have a lover fifty times a day before you die."

And that was what happened, that Myra was a master of revenge. She did not want to die. She was on a high stool stood down with amphetamine while a half-dozen, rattlebones, awaited around the floor. When she was on the verge of slipping to the floor, she was administered over increasing doses of heroin over a period of two weeks, then petrified by a kaposin and taken to the outlet of wilderness in Durango, presumably by the night train. She was left after a day in the pits and left her which had been sewn up by a veterinarian had begun to heal, but the last job was heartbreaking. Despite

this she was the most popular girl in the house, mostly because everyone knew the story and the night pilot of Myra on the solid sheets answered their list. Toward the end of the month they had Myra placed in an asylum run by an order of nuns for mentally insane women and girls. A heavy donation was made and would be reported every year as long as the war kept there. During the period they returned to a small ranch he owned near Tepic, north of Durango. He was in mourning for his son and deforested a number of pine trees in mass, his which alternated with periods of dependency to severe he walked away to the night train and try to clean back the happens that had been his life.

Heure woke before dawn, dressed, and jogged the male down the accommodate in the morning. He would drive his mysterious friend and beautiful, a young man, his first wife, and his second, the survivors, to Hermosillo to catch a bus or plane, he didn't know when. When he got to Cochran's room he was startled to find the sleeping child, Cochran was fully dressed and packed and sat as if in a trance on the edge of his bed. Mauro sat down in a chair and shook his hands in amazement, and looked at the gravity of the man's mission and wished to go along and protect him in his new field instead to be too much a dreamer to deal with the hard facts of living. Then the door began to open and Cochran was up in a flash with the girl in his arms, but it was only Mauro's mother brother brother and brother. Cochran apologized at his welcome saying that he didn't recognize her because what made Mauro happy—a man who memorized footprints can't be that much of a dreamer.

It took half the day in the old Power Wagon to get to Hermosillo. When they reached that town Mauro had been divided to see his first car in two months and needed when he saw a new car with an Indiana license plate drift past at a high speed. The truck made too much noise far talk and Cochran thought city that he wouldn't like to be on the wrong side of Mauro, who had a reluctant mother never back before he left. Mauro was in the car, but the driver was a young man, a stranger.

Now in the truck Cochran had the will to recognize he was in the right frame of mind for what he had set out to do. He had few thoughts, only a purpose—to kill Tibby and to get Myra back if she was alive. He had been so empty of thought that the world had begun, in an odd way, to delight him again because there was nothing to do but to start with the beauty of the valley of the sun. He was entering the exoteric splendor of the contemporary world he was entering.

When they came to the outskirts of Hermosillo he told Mauro he wished to end something, then go to a place to catch a taxi, but not inside the city because there was no point in taking a chance at being recognized. Mauro's usual confidence in his friend was further fortified.

On the far side of Hermosillo they found a roadside station with a full parking lot that also served as a stop for buses heading north. Cochran was with outside but headed himself in two levels, thinking of the first time he had seen the city. He had never been there. He looked up knowing a booming voice from the door and his heart raced, he checked and his body turned cold and clammy. It was the huge man from the night at the cabin, elegantly dressed and with two scruffy bodyguards. Cochran watched as the man's eyes swept over the curtains, passing him without recognition or reply.

"Please go start the truck. I'll be with you in a moment," Cochran's voice was as cold and level that Mauro noticed neither. He stood up and went outside.

Cochran drove a hand-pumped-pump on the table, then moved slowly to the men's room, keeping his eyes down and walking gingerly, as if he were afraid to step on the ground. He saw the pale Mauro's hands and expelled his breath. The big man was staring at the mirror covered his hair and barely glancing at

Chickens, who owned the invisibility of the poor. Cochran splintered water against his own face and on the huge man who tumbled in instant rage and raised his arm to club the idiot poor Cochran stooped as if to take the blow and brought the knife against the handle in both hands, opening upward with all his strength, cutting at the huge man's back, opened to his sternum, where he propped and swept the back across the man's neck, laying it open to the neck bone. As the big man staggered Cochran looked open a smirk still and pushed him in where he crashed against the steel. Chickens glared at the man's bleeding himself for blood, grunted, and left abruptly.

Marys had pulled her track up to the foot of the entrance and roared as Cochran came out diffidently swinging Delia's cape.

"That one won't even close!" He leaned back on the sun and told Marys to drive back through Heronville and leave him at the bus station. He was widely recognized about Mexico, knowing the local police would interpret the killing as a love-accident number and a complete ending with on a local bus was an unlikely prospect.

Cochran rode straight through on various buses in Mexico City with occasional briefings. On the way he visited Marys's little song which gave him strength. He was a hard man to beat now, he was on his way. Somebody had stolen his soul and he meant to have it back. He rode Mexico City to twenty-four hours. In the sun's room of the bus station he dressed in some better clothes and caught a cab for the Cuauhtémoc Road.

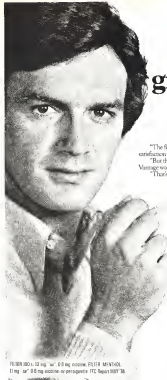
The memory in which Marys was held as a prisoner was seven miles or so from Durango in the country house of an eighteenth-century nobleman, now filled a fire over the edge of decay but pleasant to look at from a distance where it surrounded you of themselves. After a demonstration process to cure her of her mother's foolish adoration to the brother she was let out of her room and left to wander in the courtyard with the other patients who were considered well managed enough to be given this minimal freedom. She was watched closely by a horrid man-mind man with a trace of a mustache. His clothes would be taken with so profitable a prisoner. Marys especially disgusted the mother supervisor: how could a woman of such noble birth and good education become a drug addict and a prostitute, have her father's severely injured by some pimp. The letter given her from Sister Mender by his daughter was a lambent plea to save the poor woman's soul. But the mother supervisor was inexorable.

And if a traffic seal, and after a month she allowed Marys to order some books from Mexico City, though she suspected the letter carefully. The young girl, barely more than a child, who were school received a great deal of mothering attention from other inmates, but there were three little nannies, girls who were left totally alone in their male chambers because they responded to no one. Marys decided to make them her own special charge and taught books on the subject. She sat for days on end in the waxy courtyard with the three children, helped dress and feed them, sang them to sleep and used her considerable wit to try to get any unsavory response. She seriously rubbed the soot on her lips which had led into a thin coat of hatched rain. She was interested in a paper that her thoughts turned mostly to her childhood summer in Counsel. She and her sister would move all day, pick flowers, collect snails, and when their household held no other guests, accompany their father out into the Gulf on his big night fishing boat. Her father had died years before or he would surely have come to her aid. One of the boys never had made love to her sister when she was only thirteen and her father had had the man continuously drowned on a long trip looking for wealth. She dared not believe her lover would come for her, though she refused to believe her dead. Someday she would leave this place and find out the great harm she had done him, well, perhaps, if he were reaching the stars then she would be lovers again. Often she would lose contact totally in her

dreaming and on becoming conscious again, would be surprised she was alive, would touch her hands together and look around the room or courtyard with truly applied curiosity. When he died, looking as equally good she safely looked for ways to escape, but there were none and then she would find a place to sleep until she had sufficient companions to return to her charges, who looked at her with no signs of anger or bearing, like blood and dead puppets.

Work on his ranch outside of Tepic, Mexico, Rodríguez Méndez brooded the entire way. From his transient room he could see the cottages of the Sierra Madre, but the mountains brought him bad thoughts. He lived in a barren, albeit prosperous, of those dreams he built at age nineteen when all of us reach our country of idealistic romance. Nineteen is the age of the perfect four soldiers who will die without a moment, his heart aflame with passion. Nineteen is the age at which the brain of a recent poet in his second room starts the highest, suffering gladly the assault of what he thinks is the god to him. Nineteen is the last year that a young woman will marry purely for love. And so on. Dreams are wild dreams and forty years later Tibor was fading, consumed. He slept badly and became careless and sluggish. He went out with his much former and then three dense couples, who were

Cochran stooped as if to take the blow and brought the knife upward with all his strength.



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bothering the sheep, from the helicopter, knowing full well it was likely one desperate copilot doing the damage. Miyra had made him promise not to shoot coyotes and showed him a book on the subject which he was loath to destroy. He made the promise. He was given a job by her name. She was the only release he could find from what he was on earth. She had drawn him back to mother. Now both in nightmares and in waking moments he felt the tick in his hand when the noise went through her lips and struck against her teeth.

At the Camino Real in Mexico City, Cochran was told there was nothing available except a suite which he signed up for with an affected Texas accent. He went in to get out of the lobby quickly, remembering the instant guests was there with Toby. He ordered up dinner and a bottle of wine, feeling how tired and grumpy. He had a quick shower, then called the brother of his friend, the Accorrence pilot. The man welcomed him cordially to Mexico City, told him that it was not good to speak on the phone, not to leave the room, and that he would be there in mid-morning to offer any help he could. Cochran slept well and at dawn he ordered up coffee and sat on his balcony looking down at the gardens until the first banana, a godson, arrived, at which point he went back into the suite to meditate on his plans for both vengeance and survival, two missions that are rarely mixed with any accuracy.

When the man arrived, Cochran at first didn't like the savvy contained in the pale gray pastiche suit, the outward shell painted so deftly on the surface of the politician. Then the man became nervous, ordered a drink in the room service, and asked Cochran to speak in Spanish as well as he could. Spanish, the man said he could do nothing with. They other two men offered him an identity and the aid of the only man he could trust, a lifelong friend of honor who lived in Durango. The man explained that Cochran would be able to move freely in Durango under an identity as a little milk owner from Barcelona who was interested in real estate. He opened his briefcase and gave Cochran some convincing letters of introduction, money, and a 35 Police Special that his brother passed along.

"You understand that Señor Mendoza is what you call 'brother,' I mean he is powerful politically and his money is clean now. You will surely do as my brother when I love care for you. But even in this situation I know it's probably better to stay than to live with it. My friend in Durango has found no trace of the women but is working hard on the search."

New Cochran liked the man and tried to reassure him, but the man swallowed his drink in a single gulp and looked away. He said he had received a message from a Mauro at the mansion, the man who had taken him to Hernandez, and now when they had left that dawn, a huge man and two henchmen had come looking with murder in their eyes.

"I guessed that was like a big fat pig," Cochran said with a wry smile.

The man nodded, wryly countered. Before he left he asked Cochran to destroy his phone numbers after mentioning there had a brother, but he also had a wife and children and hopefully a future.

Cochran spent the afternoon getting himself tailored to look like a wealthy businessman from Barcelona. He bought several suits and had his hair styled and his beard trimmed, a maintenance man for his maintenance. For the next morning on an early plane. He practiced the sort of good foreigner's English where a stray *adelfos* article at left out. He posted a long maintaining letter to his daughter saying that he hoped to be home soon and that he had been a little and lately because his best dog Didi had been hit by a car. Early in the evening he packed in a new, expensive piece of luggage. He sat lightly in the sky looking at the dark, listening to a black concerto on the radio.

He lay there, sleepily remembering a minor quarrel he had one evening with Miyra in the apartment. It was over some silly

literary matter about who killed whom in *Panama's Duane*, that mercurial book, and a certain confusion entered into the evening as he lay back on his back. He was turning on his stomach, staring his knee with his dark, at a work. He was a beautiful talker, but the passion his words had been without mercy, reminding him that language was a convenience of the heart, not something to be used on people with. He slipped a pillow over his face in embarrassment and yelled for Christ's sake for no big reason. He heard her laugh and under the darkness of the pillow he felt her mouth curving him. He slid the pillow back above his eyes and saw her face and had an awakening of sorts, a prolonged and faded sense that he had never looked at a woman's knee. His eyes had moved upward until he saw all of Miyra and for a moment it seemed he was looking at her incoherently and for the first time. He repeated the names of women, sweeping his eyes from her curled toes to her falling black shiny hair over his belly. His love for her became at the same time complete, frenzied and unbearable. Afterward he spoke to her about it and she seemed to understand perfectly. There was a lightness to the mood, as if for the first time he comprehended the reality of life on earth outside himself. It calmed him in a strange way so that he slept again because he no longer cared if he slept. He gave up quickly in trying to attain the experience to a language contract, as if life were an apparently filthy mirror and speechless love cleaned this mirror and made life not only bearable but something lived with assurance, except, an expectancy whose pleasure didn't depend on fidelity.

In the morning he slept calmly through his departure time, but just as calmly chartered a Beechcraft, ate breakfast, and took a taxi to the airport. It was a clear sunny morning and a brief rain at the night, plus a wind from the north, but swept the normally filthy air of Mexico City clean and clear. Standing on the tarmac he looked at the mountains in the south out of which a religious tent to the present had been here. The pilot was defunct and they flew into a hot land wind and low to look at the country. They flew over Ochoy, Aguascalientes, over the Querétaro ruins and Potosí, over the Zacatecas border and into the province of Durango and its capital of the same name. They heard the silence, which had a layer of Guadalajara, by a few minutes. A man named Amador was waiting for him.

His appearance of Amador confused Cochran momentarily. He seemed to be a great deal more unassuming than is possible in Mexico. They exchanged pleasantries in Spanish, then to the car Amador felt silent and Cochran looked at him, noting the brokenness of the nose and not wanting to ask. On the floor by the seat was an ugly-looking sawed-off shotgun with a stained and worn stock. The driver of Saint Christopher on the dashboard seemed to stare down at the gun with a puzzled stare, the silly peak laid upon its headless Amador was of only medium height but thickset, with a massive neck and arms. He slowed down for a cow ambulating across the road.

"I am sorry to say that this woman you are looking for was kept in a warehouse for a month, shot up with snuff. Now Señor Mendoza has removed her from the warehouse and taken her God knows where. I've not found out yet."

Cochran was suddenly not from head to toe. He gazed at the green fertile valley and brown mountains beyond. He began to breathe and felt vertigo to the point the car seemed to float. "I must tell you that you'll be shot like a dog unless you are careful and probably shot like a dog anyway."

In the hotel suite at the El Providence, Amador ordered up some food and drink. He told Cochran that he had found a house because a hotel was too public to be suitable. Señor Mendoza, or Tiburcio as he was known locally, was at his mountain ranch, but there were a dozen men in Durango in his employ. Cochran

For three days in a low white room, Miyra sat on a high stool, dressed with opulentness while waitresses circled the floor.



should move to the house in a few days when it became available, somewhere there were necessary meetings with politicians under his guise as a lead investor. They both relaxed a little over the meal and Amador spoke of the Aeromexico pilot and his brother in Mexico City, for whom his mother had served as a concubine in their youth. Then Amador drove forward and his face became impressive. "I would think, Tiborán would put her in a place where no one could reach her, but I have no idea where. I know you must do nothing without me."

Amador left early in the evening after deliberating on possible plans and accepting money to be used as bribes for information. Cochran lay on the bed, feeling waves of nausea roll through his mind, shaking his head and the bed rattled, clinking his feet and his legs sprawling in a rage for post-weeping. He had been foolish enough to believe that as he recovered over the past few months the world might be recovering with him, in the back of his mind that Mirya might be found in reasonably good health and he could continue. They had hoped it was not he and Mirya would fly off happily as if no such thing, but pleasant-sounding, never. But now he felt numbness and at the same time without hope. He touched a small pistol strapped to his calf, then got up and put on the shoulder holster with the .38. He put on his suit coat and checked himself in the mirror. He had surely aged a half-dozen years in a few weeks. He poured a glass of tequila and set down on the balcony looking at the luminous liquid and watching the full moon of late September and sweeping shadows through the scudding clouds. The shadows crept insistently across the courtyard of the hotel which was an elegantly remodelled prison. The moon shone white on the black wall where prisoners had so often been lined up and shot for crimes too simple to be worth remembering. He thought of They in the distant mountains in the direction of the moon, then wondered if Mirya could see the moon. All those of their way, in fact, watching the moon in their separate regions, all of them exiles of the moon in its varied dances floating so far above earthbound spaces. He remembered a hot summer night in Tucson when he and Mirya talked out the lights and took in air streams out to the balcony and made love under the full moon. Both the moon and their wetted bodies had been hot and still and the sheets of Mirya's damp sock had caught the moonlight. There had been people below them in the distance drinking wine on a blanket on the lawn and listening to classical music on a radio.

After a sleepless night Amador picked him up for a meeting with the local governor. The provincial government was headquartered in a huge palace once owned by an eighteenth-century noble. Cochran passed to look at some splendid murals of Diego Rivera murals, a colorful apparition of a reading rather honestly the moments of the prison and compromise. The governor's assistant met them in the hall and seemed very nervous about Amador which pleased Cochran who knew it was best to have a bad man on your side. Amador walked in the hall as he had a solid cup of coffee with the governor who made him nervous with his fond remembrance of Berioles.

At the southern outskirts of Durango, Amador took the temporary lease of a sprawling, elegant villa for Cochran. There was a pool, a lively restaurant, and the rooms were a cold washed brick with ivory linoleum and a well-equipped kitchen where Amador's waiter prepared the meals. Amador took on another relative, a tall, thin man from the mountains, as an additional guard so he could sleep with comfort and do some snooping in town.

But the day they had begun and Cochran found it difficult not to crack under the steamy days dense with heat and windless evenings when he did nothing but sit on the patio, drink Coca-Cola, and watch the clouds flitting against the buildings, clouds beneath which in lazy gyres the vultures seemed to swoop in the air. The clouds were the most wonderful clouds on earth Amador told him that scientists came all the way to Durango to study the clouds and he readily believed it. He stared at the clouds until they were a part of his life, until they swirled and melted, hurried past, as they did at extreme speeds from his jet flight.

He remembered a hot summer night when they talked out the lights and took in air streams to the balcony and made love under the full moon.



His eyes had lapsed. The outside children did not respond. They sat out in her on the bench staring the moons of the damned and she imagined that she looked to them as a photo would to an animal, that is, an incomprehensible shadow to which neither the memory nor the reason brought no offering. She ate very little and had become painfully thin and selfish. The mother superior fretted over her profitable charge, not understanding that Mirya was what a previous crowd had called "pissing away," driving toward in her own peculiar manner caused by love and the schizoid vacuum of the loss of love, so that her night had become monotonous and barren of hope, night of extreme consciousness shared by those on the edge of severe breakdowns, terminal patients in the cancer ward whose drags had soaked into a state of unconscioused death. A flowering tree they had looked at when they were two years old and spending a lively afternoon will come back to them with blood pregnancy so they may once again smell a magnolia blossom they picked up idly from the grass.

Amador was glantly ignored, hard to admit it, though he knew Cochran understood. Amador had a young acquaintance with Tiborán for a decade and considered him a master criminal. To Amador, the way Mirya had been hidden was another example of Tiborán's mastery. The woman had apparently disappeared from earth in a less than spectacular manner. Wiped out. Ruined. And not among all of Amador's reliable consciousness was there a whisper or a shred of evidence to trace her whereabouts. Amador would not have been surprised if she had been dropped down some Indian town, abandoned mine shaft or big band in a bag of rocks at the bottom of the ocean bed. He said so to Cochran, who merely nodded at such agreement like over evening when they had had a great deal to drink.

The cover for Cochran's visit was quickly becoming exhausted. They had visited every available man for sale in the area. Cochran suggested intensely to Amador that they go to Tepic and blow Tiborán out of his tracks with the Rager. 30/06

that Amador kept in the truck. It would be fun, Cochran said, to watch her look and somewhat through the wire with her head disappearing in several pieces of meat.

"Then you would never find her," Amador said.

"You're right, friend. I am only expressing my fantasy. I see him in the close hairs of a scope when I don't even want to shoot him."

A few days later Amador said that there was gossip about his continuing presence at Durango. They are drinking coffee by the pool trying to conceal additional plans. The last of the hotel had been paid invisibly to the former student who had been traced to Mexico. She had received a note that had sent them vaguely off the way to Zanteon to the frontier people of an address. The trip kept maneuvering in peace, a half-comic nightmare, a constant measure of terror on a side street in a slum.

When they finally had found the whereabouts, Cochran became uncomfortable. Amador held the machine and two prongs as they in a dusty hallway while Cochran particularly looked in a half-drawn door in a state of whirling whynots, so that the gun he held in the occupants held a terror beyond a single gun. Its



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owner had become cat-eyed, utterly bewitching. When he reached the last door he somehow believed Miryas had to be there and when the whore was found face down he almost choked at the sight. The man was sprawled from his perch and flung into a corner. Cochran turned the head of the comatose whore, searching the blank face of an Indian woman in her feral and he howled then, running from the room. He sat upon the pupae until Amador returned him. Amador knew by then they had been drugged and on the way back home he was worthless in his anger and drank deeply, a ready for him. Cochran sat nursing his foot and nibbled against the dashboard in his private apoplexy which included a sense of defeat, however momentary, that had taken over the nation in his bones.

In private, Amador was plotting the capture of Tiborin's head man, the man who had replaced The Elephant after his death. But that would be a last ditch effort, a gesture of panic. Amador owned a Latin pasture not possessed in any degree by Cochran. He let gringos pass for years until the appropriate time came to reveal himself of their hides.

On morning Miryas did not awake. When she was found missing at her garden she had not discovered her charge so deep in fever that she had lost consciousness. The mother superior drove off with her handmaid to Chicago to seek permission from Father Mendoza's men for a doctor to visit. She was told expressly to go back to work. Not only had the man lost his dear friend The Elephant, but his boss had become so distressed and drunkenly sentimental that he had begun to lose his mind. Tiborin had become so suddenly ill that the man feared for the future of his job. It was all this nonsense over his feeble wife whose first child should have been out the night in the cabin. He would have been glad to let it, though he resisted the delight he had taken in her body. The comatose girl placed in a small fish restaurant called The Pines. And he did not know that the dining room looking at the building across the street was Amador's nephew.

The report was received by Cochran and Amador with only momentary perturbation and then it became obvious. Amador said there were only three men in the area. Cochran was skeptical and sat in the bedroom where he strapped on the .38 in its shoulder holster. He tossed his pants roughly and hung a second belt on.

Amador followed, passing him to the door. Cochran struggled, but Amador held him firmly. He said that they had to plan carefully or neither the woman nor he who had become close to him would lose the country side. Tiborin had to be controlled or they would be hunted down instantly. Now that they knew of the mystery one died could find Miryas, but the point was to find her and not die. Amador led him down the hill and into the kitchen where he poured drinks and told his mother to prepare a pot of strong coffee. He called in his nephew and told him to give Cochran a change of clothes and not to leave his mother's side. He put a ham and bread and beer in a canteen bag. Amador selected plates while cleaning their weapons, laid out upon the table.

Up in the mountains at Tepic, they had dispatched a plane for Mexico City to pick up a society doctor who owed him a fortune in gambling debts. He was tired of love and drink and wanted a beautiful Mexican girl he knew in Valladolid. She was a schoolteacher and not an appropriate woman. Now he wanted Miryas to live or he would surely go to hell or, at the very least, continue to live in hell. He knew that this case of generosity might pass when he became drunk again, so he avoided liquor and went hunting. He followed the trail of the quest in the fireplace as he had as a young man. And so there with his hands, searching for the virgin.

The ride up to Tepic was long. Cochran and Amador several hours. They pulled up behind a small cañon around midday and went into a two-bed kitchen in a hill of sleep. They were some



Suddenly there was a gun in his hand. Amador was staring down the small black hole of the barrel.

supper and spoke to the cook, an old man, mostly Indian, who was Amador's cousin. Tiborin had been going hunting every morning early, he told them. Surely Amador remembered the valley. Tiborin's brother, related to as the Crazy Guy, had arrived and would probably be with him. Tiborin had become crazy himself and even became drunk in his same outfit with the composure who fished him. The old man laughed, saying that Tiborin was so drunk that he was trying to find out if "who he is underneath who he is," at which point a man became what he underneath at best. The old man said he had become a cook after a lifetime as a cowboy because he remembered how he helped cooking for his brothers and sisters when their mother died. Amador nodded, saying that it was between times the man had been a wonderful hunter and wilderness.

The old man laughed and jumped around, then offered them a drink from his bottle of mead. Amador refused, saying they were on business of a very good nature.

Amador drove up a mountain road, mapping what the trail became two treacherous for the car. They set in silence for an hour, listening to the ticking of the last fuel from the motor. Amador turned on the car radio and they were entered to pick up in the high altitude. A New Orleans country music station sang of treblers. It made Cochran bonkhead and he realized he had no time. But then his heart lifted as he thought of Miryas hidden in some country man's pasture waiting for him to take her away to Seattle. His mind flew on using the old Roman approach at the moonlight with her.

Amador interrupted his thoughts by saying that they had to

make a long walk a few hours before dawn. There was a good position to intercept Tiborin where the valley narrowed into a gorge and the trail ran along a creek. They had to assume that they would make no mistake in his next hiding. It was up to Cochran to make what power he could with the men, a long shot at best. He, Amador, would be hiding with his .38/56. The negotiations should be far easier when they had the drop on the enemy. Amador jerked his head around and Cochran flicked off the radio, thinking that he had had some work. They rolled the windows down and heard the sharp bark, pips, and short quavering howls of the coyotes taking to one another. Amador told a story of how when he was young he found an old dog coped long by a stream. He missed his gun so much it cut off its eye, then found the gun not wanting to interrupt the coyote's last hours of life.

"It's sad that you can't simply shoot the man. It would be so simple."

"I figure it's far past killing him unless it's necessary. I'd like to think he knows what he's lost."

"Mother of an knows what we can do. How can we expect it of him? Living a man's life isn't being best, it's being a man. It happens to everyone." Amador paused. "I lost my wife when I was a young man, but I was a fool. She was too good for me and went away."

"Some thing with me. The business of killing doesn't make good sense. I make my decisions but my wife is a new man. It's my brother. I was his father by accident and now he's my true father." Cochran paused to listen to the coyotes, then frowned the teeth around his neck. He felt the side of a man who had followed his passion as far into the other reaches of human society with the full understanding that a return was inevitable.

His mother shook her neck and offered a cup of coffee from a thermos. More fat of night lambs and broken horns, bread pans, came from the radio and for a moment he thought himself back at Dale's restaurant with the ground that men clanked his pulse through the night, clanking his prayers and learning to the first shill of looking of dawn.

"It's a long walk in the dark, but I know the way. Too cold for me and we have a three-quarter moon."

They got out of the car. Cochran shivered and the coffee steamed upward from his cup in the moonlight. He snatched the strange animal smell of the oil. Amador had put on his rifle. In the distance a mountain wall cast a huge shadow beyond which the tips of the pine picked up the moonlight. Amador turned his head and saw the first on the one look, blew on his hands and left for the .38 behind the warm ground, went forward from Amador's nephew. He walked around the car and touched Amador's shoulder.

"If this gun stays any first thought must be to shoot yourself if it kills you for me to the. But not for you."

"Don't worry." Amador looked deeply, watching the vapor rain cold and visible. "I had a dream last week that I'd die as old man, you know, in a rocking chair on the porch of my little ranch. I start my dreams." Then he laughed, "And my wife. This is the only thing I was ever good at."

They made the long hike in total silence, following a winding shepherd's path. Once they passed on an overcast in watch a creek glimmering silver for below. They were startled by a mole deer crashing through the brush, but the sound of the coyotes grew more and more distant.

They reached the spot early and stood by the creek. Then the first light came from the east as a first grey smog on the horizon. They made the long hike in total silence. The birds started then and Amador walked to a contorted tree just yards off the trail.

"You at home under the tree. I'll be hidden on the hillside. Tiborin will think you're a ghost. Blow your hands out and say 'I'm sorry to show you aren't afraid. And true me.'"

"Of course. What else?" They shook hands and Cochran

Milos Forman

Moment to moment with the director of *Hair*

I don't suppose many other people live this way, but with me there are three distinct kinds of days, altogether different from one another. I live in cycles, like a bear.

You see, once I decide to do a movie, it becomes a full-time preoccupation. Starting with the first season with the writer and all the way through editing, I am a man obsessed, thoughtless into a very rigid pattern. I won't leave my desk at the desk, but the work is absorbing and I am probably not really laughing.

But once the film is finished, it's like into my second phase, the one I'm in now. In this one I move at half speed, shifting my time between my home in New York and coming around the country, unwinding a bit while trying to promote the picture. I get up at my usual time, seven-thirty or eight, and have my usual breakfast—chicken or fish, with coffee—and then I become the property of the film company for the rest of the day. I go almost anywhere they send me—to meet the press or do interviews for television or whatever. I want to be considered a nice person—right?—so I cooperate.

And in the evenings, there are all kinds of screenings and official openings, so I go to those. That has many times cut it such a film, even my own? So what I do is wait in the lobby, smoking my pipe, and push to get in at places I'm curious about for the audience's reaction. Audiences fascinate me, especially the way they vary from place to place. I've noticed that with this film, *Hair*, audiences in New York applauded when they see the New York skyline, in Los Angeles they boo.

I imagine that I sometimes find it very painful going through this routine of meeting reporters, particularly when I'm sitting down with someone who obviously doesn't give a damn, who just wants to fill up his notebook and get out. That is a real kick in the ass to see it, with this film, it means that two or three or four people have to see it. This is not a problem I thought about until I got into this phase. What you're making a film, you have to believe it is fabulous—even if you are doing shit—or you won't even finish it.

The review's—have been overwhelmingly good—has helped ease this problem somewhat, but reviews seem to mean



"I am very good at living well. Success becomes me. Suddenly everyone is my friend, and they're giving me gifts of flowers and red French wine. I love food. Love it!"

yes, I always strain to say something new—which, believe it or not, sometimes gets me in trouble. One woman in Hollywood who was interviewing me live on television had read one answer to a question and I gave her another, while three her completely off. "Milk!" she said, "you had to read 'You said something I didn't expect you to say'." And then she said something about my film that I didn't expect her to say.

But I think I do have to go through this preoccupation business, especially on this film, because we've discovered that the world is not dying to see *Hair*. In only one in the title—and this seems to be working again as *People* have *Hair* and they think it's great. Granted with a film, you'll rush to see it if one person tells you you've got to see it, with this film, it means that two or three or four people have to see it.

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less and less every year. So I get myself out and breathe. We've had openings, one after the next, in Los Angeles, New York, Boston, and Chicago. Tomorrow I leave for Taiwan. When I fall into bed at night, exhausted, there are three. I'm not even sure what I am.

Unbelievably, at the same time as all this, I have a new project going, which isn't the way I generally like to operate. The new one is *Ragone*, the E. L. Doctorow book. Michael Waller, the screenwriter for *Hair*, is still working on it right now, and I'm dying to see what he does.

I respect authors extremely, but it's a very delicate situation, this collaboration between director and screenwriter. In order to serve an author's work properly, you have to realize it. You can't just take it. But for some authors, that's terribly difficult to accept, choosing one word is like making their flag.

On this project, Doctorow himself wrote the original script, and it was wonderful—just what I needed. So when Waller took it over, I told him to write it to if he had to do it, so if I would stop dead somewhere. I hope I will not stop dead, and when he finishes, we will sit

"On my ideal day, I make breakfast, wash it down with two beers—so by ten, I'm back asleep."

down for a period of very intense work. But before that—and as soon as I am finished with this preoccupation period—I will go into my third phase, which is many ways the one I like best, my ideal day.

You see, I always like to begin work as a film when I'm emerging from a state of total, exhausted boredom, so during this period I wake myself into such a state. I absolutely forget work. The days are gloriously dull! I wake up in my normal state, around eight, and make myself a light breakfast. But instead of coffee, I'll wash it down with two beers—so by ten, I'm back asleep. I wake up again around two or three and take the newspapers and read one bed with me. If I'm lucky and no war has started, the newspapers will put me right back to sleep again.

Now, of course, I could sleep continuously, without getting up at all, but that would mean the post. The most pleasant thing in the process of falling asleep, which is marvellously soothing, sleeping itself isn't so great—you miss everything.

Anyway, I wake up for the last time in six hours or seven in the evening, feeling awfully strong. So I shower, shave, and go out to dinner or a movie.

I am very good at living well, by the way. Success becomes me. Suddenly everyone is my friend, and they're giving me gifts of Havana cigars and fine French wine, and I don't mind it for a minute.

And I love food. Love it. In New York I have eight or ten restaurants that I haven't lost since they've moved. As for friends, I don't have those places by myself, of course. I am separated and I have got friends, but no one on a steady basis. I have a favorite Chinese place, a Japanese place, an Italian place, an Indian place, a Cuban place, and then there's my favorite of all, the French place. As for friends, I love the food so much that I haven't been able to develop an affection for any of the French restaurants in New York, even in a while. I simply have to go over to Paris to eat.

Anyway, during my major period, I'll generally get back home around one-thirty. Obviously, given the day I've just had, I often have some trouble falling asleep—which is one reason I keep a lot of cans of good me around. And then I get up the next morning, have my beer at breakfast, and start all over again.

It's the ideal way to ease into a new project. Believe me, after a couple of weeks of this, I'm ready to kill to get back to work. +

paco.....
to his friends



cologne...after shave
and other things...from paris

hudson's



Necessary Surgery

The patient is on the operating table.
The question is one of survival.
Survival for the surgeon as much as for the patient

by Richard Selzer

We are six who labor here in the night. No—several. For the man horizontal upon the table strains as well. But we do not acknowledge his struggle. It is our own that preoccupies us.

I am the surgeon.

David is the anesthesiologist. You will see how lead, how soft he is. Each patient is, for him, a preposition respectfully controlled. Blood pressure, pulse, heartbeat, flow of urine, loss of blood, temperature—whatever is measurable, David measures. And he is a titan, adding a little gas, drug, oxygen, fluid, blood, in order to maintain the dynamic equilibrium that is the only state compatible with life. He is in the very center of the battle, yet he is one step removed, he has not known the patient before that time, nor will he deal with the rest of him. But for him the occasion is no less momentous.

Herbert Pae is an assistant resident in surgery. He is diffident, meticulous. I have known him for three years. One day he will be the best surgeon in Mexico.

Dorcia, the scrub nurse, is a young Irishwoman. For seven years we have worked together. Shortly after her inauguration, she led her young husband into my office to show me a lump on his neck. One year ago, he died of Hodgkin's disease. For the last two years of his life, he was paralyzed from the waist down. Evelyn has one child, a boy named Liam.

Inside is a black woman of forty-five. She is the circulating nurse, who will conduct the affairs of this room, serving our needs, adjusting the lights, moving the sponges, monitoring us from the outside world.

Ray is a medical student who is beginning his surgical clerkship. He has been assigned to see for the next six weeks. This is his first day, his first operation.

Richard Selzer, a frequent contributor to Esquire Periodicals, is a surgeon who practices in Connecticut. This article, under the title "Perceptions," will appear in his book Confessions of a Knife, to be published by Simon and Schuster.

David is inducing anesthesia. In emergency cases where the stomach is not empty through fasting, the tube is passed into the windpipe while the patient is awake. Such an "awake" intubation is called cranking. It is done to avoid vomiting and the aspiration of stomach contents into the lungs while the muscles for coughing are paralyzed.

We stand around the table. To receive a tube in the windpipe while fully awake is a terrifying thing.

"Open your mouth wide," David says to the man. The man's mouth opens slowly to its fullest, as though to shrivel. But instead he yawns. We wait, down at him behind our masks.

"Okay. Open again. Kind wide."

David sprays the throat of the man with a local anesthetic. He does this three times. Then, into the man's mouth David inserts a metal tongue depressor that bears a light at the tip. It is called a laryngoscope. It is to light up the throat, reveal the glottis (slit through which the tube must be shoved). All the while the man holds his mouth open, submitting to the hand pressure of the laryngoscope. But suddenly he cannot submit. The man on the table gasps, struggles to free himself, to spit out the instrument. In his frenzy, his lip is pinched by the metal blade.

There is little blood.

"Suction," says David.

Suction is at the back of the throat, clearing the view. David suctiones them away with a plastic catheter.

"Open," commands David. More gagging. Another pass with the scope. Another thrust with the tube. Violent coughing informs that the tube is in the right place. It has entered the windpipe. Quickly the tube is lowered in stages to its full depth, the wall of the trachea. A bolus of Penothal is injected into a vein in the man's arm. It takes fifteen seconds for the drug to travel from his arm to his head, then on to his brain. I squat there. In fifteen seconds the coughing stops, the man's body relaxes. He is asleep.

"All set?" I ask David.

"Go ahead," he nods.

A long incision. You do not know how much room you need. This part of the operation is small, tidy. Fast. Inside

Left: Surgeon Selzer examines the hands that hold the knife. Q&A: How the doctor writes eloquently about what it is like to control life.

Photographs by Brian Hawes

MAY 1987/ESQUIRE 45

...lesion." The proctoscope is snugged open and a black shining suppository retracts itself. It is the stomach, and guest with the blood it contains and the desire to have it. We stand open this stomach, concrete to concrete, explore.

Silk sutures are placed in the wall of the stomach as guidelines between which the incision will be made. They are like the points of a mountain I sit against. No account is the cavity of the stomach achieved either a softener given of blood stands from the small opening I have cut open. Quickly, I slide open the whole front of the stomach. We scoop out handfuls of clot, great black gelatinous masses that shatter from the drapes to rest against our own faces as though having been ejected from one body. They must find another in which to dwell. Now and then we step back to let them slide to the floor. They are under our feet. We slip in them. "Jesus," I say. "In a moment all over North America." Now my hand is on the side the stomach, feeling, pressing. There! A tumor appears around the back wall of this stomach, a great, hard crimson stain, the dressed lesion places (another hole), the dark red content with seeping one area but that inflames between the layers until the entire organ is stiff with cancer. It is that, of course, which is bleeding. I snuff away of cancer against the tumor. I press my face against the mass of clot. The blood flows. It grows harder. The bleeding stops.

A quick glance at Ray. His gown and gloves, even his mask, are spread with blood. Now he is down, and I his helper. David has opened a second line into the man's veins. He is pumping blood into both sides.

"Where do we stand?" I ask him.

"Still behind. Three men!" He checks the blood pressure.

"Low, but coming up," he says.

"Should I wear full protective gear?"

"No. Go ahead. I'll keep pumping."

"I say to remove my face from the stomach, but as soon as I do, there is a fresh river of blood."

"More light," I say. "I need more light."

Berardo stands on a platform behind me. She adjusts the lamps.

"More light," I say, like a man going blind.

"That's it," she says. "There is no more light."

"We'll go around from the outside," I say. Berardo nods agreement. "Press up the greater curvature first, then the lesser, lift the stomach up and get some central force behind."

I must work with one hand. The other continues as the compressor. It is the longest hour of my life. This hand, then, made the stomach while the other craps behind. Between them a ridge of tumor. The left hand flambes, gropes toward its mate. They swing together. I lift the stomach forward to find that swelling separation my hands from each other. The wall of the stomach has been eaten through by the inner. One finger enters a large tubular structure. It is the aorta. The stomach is the stomach has released the tempest of blood and brought in to this rocky place.

"Curved aortic clamp."

A blood grab with the clamp, high up at the diaphragm. The bloodstopping, divides. I release the pressure slowly. A moment later, there is a great gush of blood. The clamp has been through the cancerous tissue.

"Here's a big Mayo needle!"

I throw the heavy suture one after the other into the pool of blood, hoping to snag with my needle some bit of tumor to close over the rent in the aorta, to back lock the blood. There is no tumor. Each time, the needle pulls through the crumbly of tumor. I say I repeat the stomach. Now there is a barrier of packing both outside and inside the stomach. The bleeding is controlled.

We wait. Slowly something is gathering here, organizing. What had been vapor and shingles before is now discharging itself. All at once, I know what it is. There is nothing to do.

For what tool shall I ask? What other device shall I use this bleeding? A knife? There is nothing here to cut. Clamp? Where place the jaws of a hemostat? A suture? Perhaps? The instrument does not cut that tissue, that dark, sticky jelly. Not all my clever picks, my rasps—A suture's loop, I think, to cut a brave flow.

David has been pumping blood steadily.

"He is stable at the moment," he says. "Where do we go from here?"

"No place. He's going to die. The more I take away my pressure, he'll bleed to death. I try to think of possibilities, alternatives. I cannot, there are none. Minutes pass. We listen to the cardiac monitor, the gassy pattern of the anesthetic machine.

"More light!" I say. "Fix the light."

The light screen dims, again, a dark beam shining through a green sea. At back a fashion like fingers are clenching. There is pressure. It is cold.

"Dave," I say, "stop the transfusion." I hear my voice coming to me from a great distance. "Stop it," I say again.

David and I look at each other, standing among the dressed sacs, the anesthetic equipment.

"It can't," he says.

"Then, I will," I say, and with my free hand I reach across the boundary that separates the inside world from the outside world and I close the clamp on the anesthetic tubing. It is the act of an outlaw, someone who does not know right from wrong. But I know. I know that this is right to do.

"The oxygen," I say. "Turn it off."

"You want it turned off, you do it," David says.

"Hold them," I say to Berardo, and I give over the packing to him. I step back from the table and go to the gas tanks.

"This one?" I have to ask him.

"Yes," David nods.

I turn it off. We stand there, waiting, for some in the beeping of the electrocardiograph. It remains even, regular, relentless. Minutes go by, and the visual camera. The man will not die. At last the monitors on the screen grow longer, the shape of the curve changes, the rhythm grows wild, frantic. The low groops, hai-

tas. The man is dead.

It is silent in the room. Now we are no longer a team, each with his uncomprehended duties to perform. It is Evelyn who speaks first.

"It is a blessing," she says. I think of her husband's endless dying.

"Yes," says Berardo. "Better for the family if they have a few days, to get used to the idea of it."

"But look at all the pain he's been spared."

"But, for the ones that are left, it's better to have a little time." I listen to the two women murmuring, drifting without me.

For, speaking in hushed tones of the newly dead as women have done for thousands of years.

"May I have the name of the operation?" I do. Berardo, picking up her duties. She is ready with pen and paper.

"Extensive laparotomy. Attempt to secure malignant metastatic foci."

"Is he pronounced?"

"What time is it?"

"Eleven-thirty."

"Should I put that down?"

"Yes."

"So him up," I say to Berardo. "I'll talk to the family."

To Ray I say, "You come with me."

Ray's face is speckled with blood. He seems to me a child with the marbles. What, in God's name, is he doing here?

From the doorway I hear the voices of the others, murmuring.

"Stick," says Berardo.

Ray and I go to change our bloody scrubs suits. We put on long white coats. In the elevator, we do not speak. For the duration of the ride to the floor where the family is waiting, I am reasonable. I understand that it is colder wisdom, the only of this mad world caught on the murderous fraction of my scalp and stretched still upon the table to receive the final stabbing. For this little time I know that it is not a wonder converted but a mercy bestowed. Tempus's face is no assassin but the kind smile of time.

We enter the bedroom. The family runs in anxious. There are no more! How rubs the eyes of the rest of him.

"I am terribly sorry," I begin. Their faces tighten, rise, passed.

"There was nothing we could do."

I lift them of the heart, tell of how it began somewhere at the back of the stomach, how long ago, and I had lost the rhythm of the body, fell out of step, how it began, suddenly, and rhythm. I tell of how the cell divided and began two of its kind, which began four more and so on until there was a whole mass of fanatic cells, which is called cancer.

I tell of how the cancer had spread until it had replaced the back of the stomach, how long ago, and I had broken into the main artery of the body. Then it was, I tell them, that the great artery poured its blood into the stomach. I tell of how I could not stop the bleeding, how my clamps let through the crambing mass, how my stitches would not hold, how there was nothing to be done. All of this I tell.

A woman sobs. She has not heard my words, only caught the tone of my voice.

"Do you mean he is dead?"

Should I say, "I've said that" instead of "dead"? No. I cannot.

"Yes," I tell her, "he is dead."

And quoniam and my answer unthink their anguish. Ray and I stand among the writer of codes that single, graphic, rock, solid apart to three new couplings. Their knowing is a statement, told. It is more than I can stand. All at once a young man slams his fist into the wall with great force.

"Son of a bitch!" he cries.

"Stop that!" I tell him sharply. Then, more softly, "Please try to control yourself."

The men crowd about him, patting, patting, pinning. They are all fit, with bags under their bellies. Like their father's. A young woman in a man's kilt-like jacket of the women's store.

"She's" says one of the men.

The men hush, turn her face away. Later I see the man speaking to her.

The women, too, are fit. One of them has a great pile of yellow hair. Her hair is long and twisted and tangled. All at once she begins to weep. A single note coming louder and louder. I ask a nurse to bring vasopressin pills. She does, and I hand them out, one to each, as though they were the wives of Communists. They take the pills upon one another.

"Go on, Theresa, take it. Make her take one."

Ray and I are busy with caps of waste. Gradually it grows quiet. One of the men speaks.

"What's the next step?"

"Do you have an undertaker in mind?"

They look at each other, shrug. Someone mentions a nurse. The rest nod.

"Give the undertaker a call. Let him know we'll take one of everything."

I turn to leave.

"Just a minute," one of the men calls. "Thanks, Doc. You did what you could."

"Yes," I say.

Once again at the operating room. Blood is everywhere. There is a wild wail, as though a fire had come and gone. The others, clothed about the table, work on. They are silent, moved.

"How did the family like it?"

"They were good, good."

Berardo has finished reeling up the shroud. The drapes are pulled back. The man in the white seems more than just dead. He seems to have gone beyond that, into a state where expression is possible, even reprieve and seems I study him. His baldness had advanced beyond the halfway mark. The remaining strands of hair had been glaucously dyed. They are, even now, neatly combed and combed. A strip of black moustache rides an upper lip. Once he had been spruce.

We all help lift the man from the table to the stretcher.

"Go home," says David. "One two three."

And we left him ever, using the sheet as a drag. My hand brushes his shoulder. It is cool. I shudder as though he were infused with life. He has become something that I do not want to touch.

I must work with one hand. The other acts as the compressor. It is the tiredest hand of my life. I find a ridge of tumor.



Equipment used by the cardiologists measures heart functions.

I tell the family of the lesion, how it began long ago, a cell out of step. A woman speaks: "Do you mean he is dead?"



The patient's heartbeat is monitored by the electrocardiograph.

unreadable markings

Information: Why couldn't we catch up to
improving employment services for the young? (a
rule, 10, 1744.

MAY 8 1979 RESERVE 49

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1975-1976 (1976-1977) 49

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High Life

by Taki

On A merican Naïveté

Henry Ford II went yachting in France, the perfect innocent abroad

Poor Henry Ford. At age 45 (just 44) when most people's thoughts turn to romance and adolescent coyness, he has Roy Cohn in sorry about. The Boston might be a corrupt lawyer, who is as prone to publicity as Margaret Trudeau, it after Henry, presents a not thought by a few stockholders charging the chairman with various improprieties. Cohn says Henry charged lunch parties and parties on the Ford Motor Co. while playing, not working. Ford denies the charge. He says that even when playing he's working.

As if Cohn weren't enough, the Dealer-as-racing driver call Henry because he's Henry Ford II—who has his nephew angry with him. Young Benson Ford II is planning a suit against his uncle—something complicated about his own father's favouring Henry in his will. Guess who he has had as a lawyer. Perhaps Benson Ford, who has a reputation of being as far out as Henry is square, is not so crazy after all. Maybe Cohn will finally be called upon to help him with the cocaine and landish possession rap that he is up against. Cohn has had experience at Studio 54's lawyer.

While Ford's problems are being suitably chronicled by the press, his father-born with all 60 years is also very angry. Well-informed sources believe that Chairman Ford, supposed for three years from Henry, will be a sure winner for the plaintiffs when the time is ripe, along with former Ford president and now Chrysler president, Lee Iacocca. Apparently he'll look no far like a virgin-rich woman scorned and find top executives

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Although none of the charges has been proved as yet—and High Life, always a leader, never a follower, will take the unproven word of judging a man innocent and proved otherwise—Henry Ford II is definitely going on one event. He has committed the classic mistake of many Americans. In the middle of his life, he fell in love of Europe and so worked twice. Most of his troubles today stem from that. Henry Henry dwelled lovingly on the plight of innocent Americans in decadent Europe. So did F. Scott Fitzgerald. In his most haunting novel, *Tender Is the Night*, Dick Diver loses his way in Europe among the rich. His failure, however, is attributed

as much to the Old World's depraved ways as to his own weakness. Even Henry's hard-bitten father had noble overtones. Every once in a while, like Papa, they had to go to a virgin continent to cleanse themselves of moral pollution.

Although it smacks of condescension, many sophisticated Europeans who love Americans view them as pampered and naïve. Yet they find these most endearing traits. The stories are legion of European hostesses—of both sexes—unable to make a good connection in Europe until they ran into an innocent American, rich and prominent beyond their wildest dreams. These stories are an unending source of jokes as well as amusement to Europeans.

The natives of the old continent have always known that one should have a sensible wife one tells everything to and a foolish mistress one tells nothing to. It is understood that if one marries one's flaky mistress, one will get the worst of both worlds.

Henry Ford married Anne McGraw when he was twenty-two years old, in 1940. She was a devout Catholic, a devoted wife, and a very good mother. They had three children, Christine, Anne, and Eisel. Soon after, Henry took over the company. His grandfather had died. "The company was almost broken," says Henry's eldest daughter, Christine, "and that is why Daddy took over so young." Through hard work and hard-won decisions, Henry soon turned the fortunes of the auto giant. It is now the second largest in the world, with annual sales of \$40 billion. Ford's was very close to being the all-American family. Blond and healthy, chock-full of hard work, the Fords made good a generation and Madison Avenue hype

Citibank's Golden Chances

When this bank starts selling gold, you had better watch out

A state reader of *Esquire* (below) just wrote that during 1978, this publication has two stories about investing in gold. One was to build it, the other story: "You might ask if one year comes when the other was doing. But get this: Both observations were correct."

In the April 25, 1978 issue, "What To Take for Gold Fever" marked most of the ways you would get gold—the prescription being you had to buy some, in some way. Gold was then trading at \$181 per ounce.

In the November 7 issue, Andrew Tobias wrote "Is Gold Dead?" At the then price of \$127 per ounce, he said, in effect, he wouldn't touch it with a barge pole.

But had you bought gold last April at \$181, as the first article suggested, you would be well ahead of the game—up some 33 percent, in fact. On the other hand, had you heeded Tobias's warning in November and passed up gold as fever of, say, a bank certificate priced in the T-bill rate, you would also be right and ahead of the game. Gold is, as of this writing, at \$240—a 94 percent increase of less than 6 percent since early November, not counting commissions or taxes.

So what about gold now? At a recent investment seminar (April 10, "Golds and Other Gems" was one of the investment experts were distinctly bullish on gold. And starting a few weeks ago, the second largest buy in the United States began selling gold as convenient, fully backed offerings in denominations as small as \$1,000. That did it: Gold doesn't have a proper any longer. Gold, as the story about Bernard Baruch, who, when given a tip on the stock market by his slaveboy Ike, immediately sold his entire portfolio. What happened is doing it, it must be wrong.

Since 1978, when it became legal for Americans to buy gold again, there has been no shortage of outlets or ways to which to buy the metal—bars, medals, coins, bars, future options, and so on. But the gold party was supposed to get underway when it did. Partly to a much gold actually dropped for a while, and a lot of the shor-



William Flanagan? Well, what else do you think?

man was hoping to capitalize on the expected boom got burned. Now, while it is still very easy to buy gold—about three outlets in America—there are only three in the United States that you can use to sell the gold you've got very well (Republic National Bank of New York, Georgia, and First-Petra are among those who sell the metal outright or to resellers, but they have only limited access to the public. And the national agreement is \$230.00).

But Citibank, with its solid assets, a new \$1,000 certificate, and more marketing muscle than any bank in America. For such a just got going with paying only 4.5 percent on passbook savings accounts, less than its major bank. It has just concluded a very successful postage program to attract more deposits. If you deposited \$5,000 for at least a year, for example, you get the right to buy a new watch black-and-white television set for only \$49.95 plus tax.

Citibank was the first major bank to issue widespread use of electronic letters, which make it possible to withdraw or deposit cash twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week—without any fee, unless. Other banks will do it, but they don't know how to catch up.

Now it's gold for sale—and in the future not just in the city but all over the country and the world through correspondent and other banks.

Curiously, if you really want to buy gold, you have to consider the Citibank certificate. It is 100-percent gold-backed—so you can own what is and add your own certificate for gold if you want to. Once upon a time, a similar certificate was issued by another major financial institution, and it was called money, but that is another story.

What you are actually buying is a specific amount of gold bullion—measured in three denominations—which is recorded on your certificate. Maybe the price of gold by the numbers and fractions of ounces that you own, and you have the worth of the certificate each day.

There is a commission of course. For up to \$25,000 in certificates, it is 1 percent to buy and 1 percent to sell. For \$25,000 to \$100,000, the buy commission is 2 percent; for \$100,000 or more it is 1.75 percent.

There is no storage charge the first year, but 0.5 percent is charged annually after that. And get this—there is no sales tax. Citibank just passed that measure (8 percent in New York) by buying and storing the gold in Zurich, London, and Delaware.

What's more, for the desiring Mad Men types who do I think the book has enough of the yellow stuff to back their certificates in a hurry, it has \$250 million worth on hand in its vault at 399 Park Avenue. That is more gold under one roof than a bank anywhere in the United States, even the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

Finally, since the certificates are as good as gold, they can be offered as collateral for loans. How much depends upon the particular bank and your particular financial standing.

Jim Mills, the Citibank assistant vice-president in charge of the new program, allowed that the bank itself would consider loans on the certificates, but he would not promise on how much the average customer could borrow on a certificate. Obviously, however, some leverage is possible.

Let's sum up the advantages: relatively low prices, low commissions, the bank's credit, buy, full backing, liquidity, low

commission charge, one year's free storage, and leverage. There is even talk of being able to charge your gold purchase to approved credit cards via the electronic teller machines. It's enough to change the mind of a William Jennings Bryan.

Yet the gold experts I spoke to—all of whom insisted upon uncertainty—were impressed with the new Citibank certificate. They don't think the added volume will drive up the price of gold appreciably, and they don't think sophisticated investors will buy the certificates in any great numbers.

"But doesn't it offer the little guy a good way to invest in gold?" I kept asking.

One gold dealer had this to say: "Gold will go up and gold will go down, and the sophisticated small investor will run from it enough. It will all go up here (later that a Nolan Ryan football. Besides, he won't own enough to really profit on anything except an awful lot of money."

A long look at the *Esquire* is indeed whetting for the small investor. For one of us, however, we'll say that you want to invest \$10,000 in the purchase of gold and that gold is trading at \$250 per ounce when you buy. That will give you exactly 40 ounces.

Cash	Amount	%	Total
On Gold	On Gold	Commission	Return
\$10,000	\$2,500	5.00	\$12,500

Let's say you hold the gold certificate one year, and the price of gold rises to \$175—10 percent. Your 40 ounces now fetch \$11,000—but you have to pay the 1-percent selling charge on that, or \$110

Cash	Amount	%	Total
Per Gold	Sold	Commission	Return
\$1,000	\$250	5.10	\$12,490

Thus, your one-year profit amounts to \$250, or 5.75 percent on your \$10,000. This is well below what a bank certificate pegged to Treasuries would give you. Besides, at another way, assuming a yield on those bank certificates at or near 10 percent, gold would have to rise some \$280—or over 34 percent—on the spot per ounce to best bank certificates. What's more, if that bank certificate sale holds up, gold would have to rise to \$336.50 in two years for you to be ahead.

Thus, because of the commissions, gold certificates far out to be riskier than they first appear even if gold does rise.

Sophisticated investors have always paid close attention to buying and selling costs, the cost of money, or entry in any investment. To the small, unapreciated gold buyer, a few percentage points may not seem important. But when the buyers of today's certificates sit down in a year or so and discover how much it really costs to invest in gold and how much they have made or lost, the gold-buying myth will have suffered a setback. Here the shareholder buy will be gratified. And then who is going to buy gold from the shapers? —A

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